

THE ACADEMY

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No. 1738

AUGUST 26, 1905

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THE LITERARY WEEK

How many things in this world are not what they seem! A contributor to the ACADEMY, who often writes over his signature in the leading London reviews, recently answered the advertisement of what he understood to be an American literary agency. Perhaps, he thought, there might be, in the wild and woolly West, a market, hitherto untapped, for the American rights of some of his compositions. Imagine his respectful amazement when there came from Indianapolis, Indiana, a proposal that he should pay two dollars a week, for a term of fifteen weeks, for a course of instruction in journalism! The letter is too long to quote in full; but a few extracts will be interesting:

"If [it runs] you contemplate taking up reportorial work, newspaper correspondence, or story-writing, is it not wiser, and more economical in time and money, to permit us to train you thoroughly and start you right? The selection of a school is an important matter, and should be made with care and deliberation. You should consider the prestige and influence of the school, the character and experience of its instructors, how the school is regarded by newspaper men and publishers, and especially the practical achievements of its graduates.

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"If you cannot take advantage of our proposition, we ask that you write us fully and candidly. Perhaps we may be able to suggest some way to remove the obstacle.

"Hoping to have you enrolled soon as a student, —"

One is never too old to learn; and it is expressly stated in the Indianapolis prospectus that neither age nor youth is a barrier to what is quaintly termed "scholarship" in the reportorial art. But there are quite a number of things which the editor-in-chief "wants to know, you know" before admitting you to the privilege of "close personal relation." Applicants for that benefit are invited to fill up a form which resembles nothing so much as the forms of application for a policy in an insurance company. These are some of the questions to which our contributor was invited to reply:

"What is the extent and character of your education? (Name college or school, and state if graduate.)

"What instruction have you received in grammar, English composition, and rhetoric?

"Have you studied for, or practised, a profession?

"What magazines and newspapers do you read regularly?

"What is your present occupation?"

"Are you married or single?"

"Your age?"

"Do you desire or intend to follow Journalism or Fiction Writing as a vocation, or as a secondary source of income?"

"Are you so situated that you could give newspaper or magazine assignments your attention?"

There is a thoroughness about this which we like: a something which suggests, in view of the particular case to which it was applied, that, just as one is never too old to learn, so one is never too young to teach. Very interesting also is the information which the prospectus gives us concerning the other, and cheaper, schools of journalism which seem at present to be as plentiful as bilberries in the United States. Thus:

"One school, with a parade of benevolence, gives the student a 'free scholarship' with an 'employment guarantee' attachment, and then requires him to pay fifteen dollars for printed instructions. Another school undertakes to turn out promptly to order finished journalists and story-writers at ten dollars a head. Still another school offers to produce the same brilliant results with equal promptness and despatch for five dollars; and in order that none may be barred from the exceptional advantages of the school, an abridged course is offered for twenty-five cents; in the same city a rival school offers to convert ambitious amateurs into journalists and fiction-writers for two dollars and a half. An enterprising gentleman holds out the alluring assurance that for three dollars he will give such instructions in newspaper correspondence that 'any bright intelligent person may earn a hundred dollars monthly,' beginning with the day after his instructions are received."

At this rate it looks as if we should soon have to substitute "mostly reporters" for "mostly colonels" in any epigrammatic estimate of the population of the United States. In England we have only tried this educational experiment on a much smaller and more costly scale. Our only School of Journalism that ever amounted to anything was that opened by the late David Anderson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, in Outer Temple Chambers; and there the fee was one hundred guineas payable in advance. The singular thing is that, though none of the pupils would admit that David Anderson ever did anything for them except smoke cigars in one room while they smoked cigarettes in another, several of them have got on just as well as if he had taught them everything that he unquestionably knew. He can hardly have had more than a score of pupils altogether; but among the score are included Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Francis Gribble, Mr. Herbert Vivian, and several others whose names are well known. If any one wants to read a graphic description of the school, he has only to turn to the pages of Mr. Robert Hichens' "Felix." Fact is very closely followed in that entertaining work of fiction. Even "the Babe" in the subterranean restaurant had a real corporeal existence. One of the pupils got engaged to her. Let us hope that, by this time, she is his wife and the mother of his children.

It seems an open question, therefore, whether David Anderson was successful as a teacher. What is quite certain is that he failed when, with the assistance of his pupils, he started a paper of his own. He was jointly concerned with Mr. Robert Hichens in the production of *Mistress and Maid*—an organ designed for the entertainment and instruction of domestic servants. It published some of Mr. Hichens' early short stories, together with hints for the making of plum puddings, the cleaning of plate, and so forth. It transpired, however, that domestic servants had no desire for a trade organ, but preferred novelettes. They did not buy *Mistress and Maid* to any extent worth speaking of, and, in due course, it ceased to appear.

Editions of Swan's translation of the "Gesta Romanorum" are more numerous than our original informants imagined. We hear from Messrs. George Bell and Sons that the volume was included in Bohn's "Antiquarian Library" in 1876, and that that edition, revised and corrected by Mr. Wynnard Hooper, is still in print and in

regular demand. Next month, too, the book is to appear in the same firm's "York Library."

The annual meeting of the Library Association has been in progress during the week at Cambridge, which was for several reasons the most appropriate place. This is not only the jubilee of the Public Library at Cambridge, but it is also the fiftieth year of the services of its librarian. Cambridge was amongst those towns which first availed themselves of the Ewart Act of 1850. The intention of that Act was the recreation of the poor, and incidentally their instruction—the popular antidote to the public-house. It was little thought that the library would become the force it now is, in spite of the stigma which stuck to it for many years.

The tentative endeavour to make the public libraries aid the great educational movement of modern days has received a vigorous impetus. A joint committee of the Library Association and delegates from most, if not all, of the educational bodies of the kingdom has been sitting during the past two years. The result is a series of recommendations. The sixth of these might well have come first: "that the public library should be recognised as forming part of the national educational machinery." There is, however, another meaning, besides the obvious, to be found in the resolution—State Aid and State Control.

Carlyle in his oft misquoted epigram on the true university told only half the truth. It is one of the greatest faults of our elementary educational system that, the young mind having been trained in method, there are no direct means of supplying it with the information which alone will make that method of value in life. Until it is more generally realised that every student must delve in his own ditch, there is not much prospect of the library becoming the life-long continuation school which it should be. Special libraries for children to be established in all public libraries, and collections of books to be formed in all elementary and secondary schools, are the means chiefly to be relied upon in attaining to perfection in the matter. But probably the suggestion of the Master of Downing College, that all newly erected libraries should contain a lecture-room is of still greater importance. It is a matter for regret that in this we are much behind the American library.

Dr. Jenkinson, the president of the Association, recalled one of the most interesting romances of book-collecting, in the recapitulation of the history of the "Decreta synodalia" of Bishop Ponder, of 1815. It is the story of the vellum copy which in 1818 was given by Jean Baptiste Gossin, Verdun, to de Quelen of Samosata. Twelve years later, when de Quelen was Archbishop of Paris, his palace was sacked; and the "Decreta" was the subject of a struggle between a *garde national* and one of the "heroes of July." The latter secured a number of the leaves containing the beginning of the second part, which eventually found their way into the hands of M. Monteil. In 1870, they were presented to the University Library, and the sequel is to be found twenty-nine years later, when an imperfect copy was offered for sale in Paris. It was of course purchased for the library and proved to be, as was expected, that copy to which the "Baculi curatorum" belonged. So, after a separation of nearly three-quarters of a century, the two parts now stand side by side.

Amongst the other matters discussed was that of co-operative cataloguing. Too often the catalogue occupies a space far in excess of its real importance; which can never be more than that of a guide to the books themselves. As a convict loses his identity under a number so does a book lose its identity when it has no other denomination than a class letter and number. It is difficult to imagine

our lifelong friends as numerical nonentities. Those unfamiliar with books and their use are little likely to be educated in the science when they are allowed to know them only from a distance. It is difficult to scrape even a bowing acquaintance in such circumstances.

Saturday last was the eighty-second anniversary of the death of Robert Bloomfield. The son of a poor tailor of Honington, Suffolk, who died shortly after the poet's birth, Bloomfield had but a short-lived and hard-earned success in poetry. Hired to a farmer at the age of eleven, he left the soil to become a shoemaker in London; but his life in the fields had bred in him a love of the open spaces, and it was whilst living with his brother in Bell Alley that he wrote "The Farmer's Boy," for which he is chiefly remembered. The fact that his homely Pegasus dragged but a lumbering wain is easily accounted for. Prior to his removal to Bell Alley he had access to nothing like literature except "The Poet's Corner" in the *London*, which his brother bought regularly; and the few books—Thomson's "Seasons," "Paradise Lost," and others—which he there read were borrowed from a fellow lodger. "The Farmer's Boy" was refused by several publishers, but, issued in 1800 through the influence of Capel Lofft, it had a large sale. Twenty-six thousand copies were sold within three years; an edition was published in Leipzig; it was translated into French and Italian; and, in 1805, there appeared in London the "Agricolae Puer" which called forth the poem:

"Hey Giles! in what new garb art dress'd?"

Yattendon, where Mr. Alfred Waterhouse died on Tuesday last, has more than one claim to be regarded as of interest. In the first place it is one of the most delightful of Berkshire villages, and, in the second, it has for many years been a little shrine of the Arts. There was a trio of an uncommon kind living in the village for some time, consisting of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, Mr. Robert Bridges, who married Miss Waterhouse, and the Rev. H. C. Beeching, who was for fifteen years rector of the parish. Traces of the great architect's influence are to be found in the village, where there is a small shop for the sale of brasswork and ornaments cunningly wrought and hammered out by villagers according to designs made by Mr. Waterhouse. The poet, who still lives in the village, leaves a monument, not of brass but of letters, which may be found in the church in the shape of the Yattendon hymnal. Mr. Beeching has deserted the village to be Canon of Westminster, where his eloquence is more widely appreciated; but, as he lived at Yattendon from 1885 to 1900, it will be seen that much of his best literary work was done there. Of the trio, there is now but Mr. Bridges, once casualty physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, left at Yattendon, and he may often be seen with a dog rambling over the beautiful plains and woods which make that part of Berkshire so delightful. Many a Bradfield boy (the school is a few miles from Yattendon) has been startled, when on some marauding expedition after birds' eggs or wild orchids, at coming upon the poet standing and surveying the view, and, thinking him to be the landowner, has fled in silent haste—not in order to avoid disturbing his reverie but to avoid the penalty of trespassing.

In describing the recent procession of French nava officers from Victoria to the Guildhall, a contemporary made use of the words: "la longue théorie d'équipages des officiers français s'engage dans Grosvenor-place." We fancy that a good many Englishmen who are able to put their feet on the fender and read a French novel with ease would feel nonplussed if asked to give offhand the correct rendering of "théorie" in the above quotation—the antiquated meaning of "procession" or "embassy." "Théorie" is merely a transliteration of the Greek *θεωρία*, and has retained in French several of the different shades of

meaning which attach to the word in the original Greek: first, the act of viewing or beholding; secondly, contemplation, speculation, *theory*; thirdly, a sight or spectacle, with special reference to the public games; fourthly, the act of sending state ambassadors to the oracles or games; fifthly, the embassy or mission so sent. It is curious that English has preserved only one of these meanings (Shakespeare uses the word "theoric": "The gallant militarist . . . had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger"; "So that the art and practic part of life must be mistress to this theoric," etc.) while French has retained several. Parallel cases would be interesting.

Count Tolstoy has the courage to act up to his convictions. For two months he has ceased to read magazine or newspaper, devoting the time so gained to the study of his favourite authors: Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Plato, Confucius, Cicero, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, Lessing, Kant, Schopenhauer, Emerson, Channing and Ruskin. The great writer's reason for this policy is the belief that the modern world is deplorably ignorant of the treasures of literature; while he considers the perpetual perusal of newspapers as a calamity worse than war itself. Readers of Mr. Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" will remember how he hints that some such *régime* is desirable in the case of the serious student, though he seems to regard the abstention as impracticable. And did not Mr. Rose in "The New Republic" adopt the course, and boast of it, wishing to dwell in the aroma of æstheticism and keep vulgar modernity aloof?

Very different was the attitude of Cobden, who declared that there was more useful information in a copy of the *Times* than in all the "works" of the son of Olorus—who, as closer students of antiquity know, wrote one work only; and the Free Trader's view surely has quite as much to be said for it as that of the Mystic Apostle of Peace. Just as the true artist can, like Whistler, discover beauty in his immediate surroundings, however banal these may appear to the untrained eye of the natural man, so should the trained mind be able to extract culture from the life of the present, and not feel compelled always to go back for it to a vague past which has lost its actuality. Or rather—to be more exact—the knowledge of the past and the experience of the present should be recognised as mutually helpful, each assisting in the proper understanding of the other.

That indeed is how the relations of books and newspapers appear to be understood by the men of our own day who are most steeped in culture. Mr. Balfour may affect not to read the newspapers; but no one takes the affectation seriously, or supposes the Prime Minister to be really "a child" in the matters of which newspapers treat. They give framework to his philosophic doubts, if they do not contribute to the foundations of his beliefs. His friend and opponent, Mr. Morley, not only makes no pretence to ignorance of the contents of the contemporary Press, but brings his knowledge of it to bear upon his lucid historical expositions. If the newspapers did not help him to understand Rousseau, at least they helped him to appreciate Cromwell at his true value. Similarly with Matthew Arnold, the great apostle of culture. Newspapers furnished him with the texts for nearly all his sermons on the necessity of Hellenism. Subject to exceptions, in fact, the rule would seem to be that the most diligent students of the daily paper are also the most intelligent students of other things.

Scores of articles have been written on holiday reading, and the books most suitable therefor. A holiday-maker sends us some notes on the books which he

finds actually being read by those in like case with himself:

"Our self-appointed counsellors," he writes, "generally recommend Charles Lamb, Edward FitzGerald, and the selected poems of Matthew Arnold, but I have never met any of these works in the course of any of my journeys. The real feature of the moment, in fact, is the extent to which the Tauchnitz Library is being ousted from favour by the sixpenny reprints. Almost every tourist buys half a dozen or so of them before he crosses the Channel, and leaves them behind him, as he goes, to mark his tracks, like the hare in a cross-country paper-chase. Wherever you alight, be it at a Grand Hotel, a mountain inn, or a climber's club hut, you find a choice of sixpenny reprints to relieve the tedium of wet days. What is notable is that the serious works issued in the 'format' are met with quite as frequently as the novels. Only the other day, our chaplain, being the fortunate possessor of two sixpenny reprints, and believing that I had none, proposed to share his literary goods with me. The volume which he offered me was a theological treatise on 'Divine Immanence,' by Mr. Illingworth. The volume which he retained for his own perusal was 'My Lady Nicotine.' Evidently he considered that I stood in greater need of instruction than of entertainment. But I was even with him. Somewhere on a shelf I discovered a sixpenny reprint of Mr. Edward Clodd's 'Pioneers of Evolution.' I lent this to the chaplain in return for 'Divine Immanence,' and, during the succeeding days, lost no opportunity of asking how he was getting on with it. He had to read it or be rude, and I sincerely hope that he understood it and was edified.

"In the case of the French tourists the place of the sixpenny reprints is chiefly taken by the ninety-five-centime reprints of the 'Modern Bibliothèque.' These are on sale even in small village shops, and in any pension you may expect to pick up a copy, left behind *pro bono publico*, of 'Cruelle Enigme' or 'Andre Cornélis,' or 'L'Inconnu.' But graver works are sometimes produced. The village shop in which I saw these reprints on the counter was also offering a French translation of a romance by the Spanish novelist Galdos; and other books of which I have caught glimpses are Maeterlinck's 'Le double jardin,' Masson's 'Napoléon et les femmes,' and Madame Arvéde Barine's two interesting monographs on 'La grande Mademoiselle.' In fact, among the French, as among the English, serious holiday reading appears, this year, to be the rule."

In "At the Sign of the Ship," Mr. Andrew Lang wonders that somebody does not republish Peter Cunningham's "Handbook to London," and "feels a wild desire to read Peter Cunningham at once." "Perhaps," he adds, "Mr. Murray, whose house originally published Peter, will give him another innings." That is exactly what Mr. Murray has done, so long ago as 1891; but Peter re-appeared in so changed a shape as to provide excuse for any who failed to recognise him. Edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, the Handbook in that year was published in three volumes under the title of "London Past and Present," and shortly after was selling as a remainder at half the published price of three guineas. So Mr. Lang's craving may easily be satisfied, and, reading, he may recall the fact that the Church of Allhallows Barking (not "Allhallows, Barking," as it is too frequently written) lies hard by the Tower, and that there is no need to "go to Barking" to see the church where William Penn was baptized, and which his father's exertions saved in the Great Fire. Pepys tell us:

"About 2 in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our [Seething] Lane. . . . Going to the fire, I find by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen . . . sent up by Sir W. Penn, there is a good stop given to it, it having only burned the dyall of Barking church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched."

An illustrated catalogue of the interesting exhibition illustrative of Church History held at St. Albans in the summer is about to be published at half a crown (a limited *édition de luxe* with extra illustrations, half a guinea). The book will not only form a pleasant memento of an admirable exhibition, but will have permanent value, seeing that the more important exhibits have been described at length by experts. The exhibition, it appears, was not so successful financially as to pay all its expenses, and the proceeds of sale of the catalogue will be devoted to defraying the debt. Intending subscribers are invited to communicate with Canon the Hon. Kenneth F. Gibbs, Aldenham Vicarage, Watford.

LITERATURE

FIELDING'S PROSE

Selected Essays of Henry Fielding. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by GORDON HALL GEROULD, B.Litt. (Oxon.) (Ginn & Co., 3s.)

THE idea of publishing some of Fielding's essays in a book is most admirable. There is no writer in the English tongue who is more worthy of study on account of his style, and hitherto sufficient attention has not been paid him in this respect. Needless to say, this is said with no wish to undervalue the essays of Lowell, Thackeray, and others. A love of Fielding we have always regarded as a test of true literary instinct, and the fact that a writer like Robert Louis Stevenson failed to appreciate him only leads to a contrast between that writer's artificiality and the sinewy strength of the master of the English novel.

To the present volume there is prefixed an introduction of seventy or eighty pages, by which we can see that the praise is lavish rather than discriminating. Mr. Gerould's style is singularly reminiscent. Let us take the following passage to illustrate what we mean:

"In 'Tom Jones' Fielding has attained the maturity of his art. He handles his material with consummate skill, never allows the unessential to obtrude, yet wisely permits himself the utmost latitude of space in developing his theme. Such art is unhasting and unrelenting. The phrase fits the thought, the thought the situation, the situation the general plan."

Here it will be noticed that the phrases are, to a great extent, echoes. Fielding "has attained the maturity of his art," he "handles his material with consummate skill," he does not allow "the unessential to obtrude," and his art, of course, is "unhasting and unrelenting." Seventy pages of glib writing leave the impression that the writer depended more on his grubbing in the library than on his original thought.

If we take another curious passage we shall obtain some more light about him. We refer to the place in which he places Fielding with Dryden, Steele, Addison, Christopher North, Lamb, and Macaulay. If the author's meaning is only that Fielding is entitled to a place among the classics of literature, well and good; but it is a curious taste that would place the prose of Macaulay beside that of Fielding, and Christopher North beside Lamb. The writing of Macaulay was so directly opposite in character to that of Fielding that if one be right in his method the other must inevitably be wrong. Matthew Arnold once and for all, in a memorable paper, showed the meretriciousness of Macaulay's rhetoric, his artificial antitheses, his false flourishes, and general wrongness. The student of style who admires him must inevitably dislike the prose-writers of the group to which Fielding belongs, though conceivably he might unite his admiration of Macaulay with an admiration of Sir Thomas Browne, Samuel Johnson, and Gibbon, though all of these write with more poetry and dignity.

Not only Fielding himself but nearly all the men of his time except Johnson were averse from pomposity of phrase. Even Richardson, who was the worst writer of the group, had sense enough to avoid it. Sterne, Swift, Smollett, and Fielding himself had a similarity in their love of directness, and the remarkable difference between them arises less from their employment of words than from their variations in temperament. We have Laurence Sterne writing himself down on paper; his whims and his fancies and sympathies all placed vividly and clearly before us, making in their total himself and no other. To reply that he owed so much to one author and so much to another, or that he was only a Rabelais Englished makes no difference whatever: the clothes might be the clothes of Rabelais, but the voice was the voice of Sterne. So Swift expresses his own personality with an almost savage force.

If the writers we have mentioned had been characters in a play each could have been identified from a passage in his works. Shakespeare could not have differentiated them more clearly than nature has done. But among them there was a common hatred of the rhetoric which has always threatened to invade English literature. Even at the present day it stands in constant danger of being revived, thanks largely to the influence of Ruskin. But if we come to consider Fielding's essays in particular, we shall see how well he avoided the temptation to inflate his periods. Even in such a passage as that which Mr. Gerould describes as the best of his prose, and calls "the most eloquent of passages," we shall find that the mockery, as it were, keeps down the swelling:

"Come, bright love of fame, inspire my glowing breast: not thee I call, who, over swelling tides of blood and tears, dost bear the hero on to glory, while sighs of millions waft his spreading sails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom *Musis*, happy nymph, first on the banks of Hebrus didst produce. Thee, whom *Maeonia* educated, whom *Mantua* charm'd, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, sat, with thy *Milton*, sweetly tuning the heroic lyre; fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretell me that some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of *Sophia*, she reads the real worth which once existed in my *Charlotte*, shall, from her sympathetic breast send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance that when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant, shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read, with honour, by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see."

In the very same chapter Fielding declares what his intellectual lineage was when he invokes his Muse:

"Come thou, that hast inspired thy *Aristophanes*, thy *Lucian*, thy *Cervantes*, thy *Rabelais*, thy *Molière*, thy *Shakespeare*, thy *Swift*, thy *Maryvauz*, fill my pages with humour."

Here Fielding proclaims aloud his ambition to become a humorist. Even of Shakespeare that is the side which he most admires, and the other writers mentioned are all men whom he might have copied—men from whom he must certainly have learned a great deal of his art. And that is how we must judge Henry Fielding. It is obvious that there is a world of literature into which he did not enter at all. There is no eloquence in the ordinary sense of the word in any of his books, nothing rhetorical, nothing that is over-emphasised. He is always bringing light rather than heat to bear on his matter, and those who condemn him because they look in vain for such poetry as abounds in *The Tempest*, or such tragedy as fills with gloom "The Bride of Lammermoor," are unjust. They ask from him what he does not pretend to possess or to offer. Fielding knew himself thoroughly and within his own limits is incomparable; but it were much to be desired that the editor of this selection of his essays had been able to recognise this. As a matter of fact he does nothing of the kind. Nor does he seem able to differentiate the style of Fielding from that of other writers. The quotation which we have reproduced from "An Invocation" will show this abundantly. Far from being the best passage of Fielding it is not even fairly typical of his prose.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON LAMB

Charles Lamb. Sa vie et ses œuvres. Par JULES DEROCQUIGNY, Docteur ès lettres, Maître de Conférences à la faculté des lettres de l'Université de Lille. (Lille: Au siège de l'Université.)

M. DEROCQUIGNY's life of Lamb is well done. He is "sealed of the tribe" of Elia; but, more than many English biographers and critics, he has known how to combine devotion and sense, without, on the one hand, surrendering his own personality, and without, on the other hand, believing that, had the making of Elia been left to him, he could have made something better. To-day, the writing of a life of Lamb means a full and

orderly use of his letters and of his contemporaries' recollections. The life should be, in short, an autobiography, with appendices by Lamb's acquaintances; the biographer's work being that of editing, and calling for just that self-restraint in the whole and skill in detail which will be found in M. Derocquigny's book. He has seen that Lamb is readily, carefully, sometimes deceptively, autobiographical, and he has made it his business to persuade him to tell his own story. Happily, the biographer's commentary is in harmony with the story, and neither servile nor superior. M. Derocquigny is to be congratulated, too, upon retaining all the characteristic precision and definiteness of his own language, whilst unravelling and exposing to admiration the charms of one who uses our own different language with such effects of mirage.

His use of the letters is full and discreet. His own contributions are always well supported and usually acceptable: we would point to the chapter dealing with the years 1796-8, and particularly with the death of Lamb's mother and the writing of "Rosamund Gray." For example, in commenting upon Lamb's attitude in the crisis, he says that in a moment of extreme sorrow, in great perplexity—perhaps derangement—of mind, Lamb burned his verses and other writings: a triumphant answer to those who might reproach Lamb with insensibility because of his calmness in adversity, which was truly but the effect of a decided will. We would point out also that, in attempting to fill the gap in Lamb's life, in the first half of 1798, he has made a tentative but suggestive use of "Rosamund Gray." He lays it down, perhaps a little violently, that all the invention in that book is feeble, but the successful part in a sense autobiographical. Thus, he seizes upon Elinor Clare's letter, in which she relates how she has dreams of her mother lately dead. The words, says M. Derocquigny, have a meaning in the mouth of Mary Lamb, but what in the mouth of Elinor? Lamb's mind must have been perturbed to have allowed him to write in this way, without cause or explanation so far as the story is concerned. Much good criticism may be found in the way in which the writer shows us the advance from the period of "The Melancholy of Tailors," etc., to the period of Elia, with that tender but smiling observation, patient, delicate introspection, recollection touched with aerial melancholy, the sense of the poetry of familiar countenances and places, which made perfect the humour of Lamb.

M. Derocquigny comes, indeed, to conclusions at which English biographers have already arrived. But his path is his own. This is no small achievement for a French critic; and it seems to us remarkable and agreeable as showing the possibility of a true and cordial understanding between French and English, on a subject so important as a writer like Charles Lamb. That Byron should be liked in France was inevitable; that Shakespeare should be treated seriously was, in the end, probable: but that the essayist should be loved is more satisfying than many treaties.

If the biographical chapters are good to those who have read the best that has been written about Lamb, the criticism in the later half of the book is more surprising. M. Derocquigny begins on the right note. You can love Lamb, he says, without admiring his character indiscriminately; but you cannot wish that he had been without his failings, because they are bound up with his gifts. Without them, Lamb would have been somebody else; he might, perhaps, have collaborated with Mrs. Fry. They prompted him to pity and indulgence. His biographer thinks it lucky that Lamb was not a writer by profession, and sees in his irregular and amateur work some affinity with Joubert. His criticism of life is that of an experienced, sagacious and just man, confining itself to glimmerings and intentions and to the vanities so precious in a vain existence, which he took as it came, without hope or wish for change. Hypocrisy alone was antipathetic and to be attacked. But he seems to have conceived of evil as an abstraction. The word "heroism" is a little too "gross"

for him, thinks the critic: he did but hearken to his own heart. And in his writings, however curious and exquisite he may be, he is not more so than in his letters: his style is not the clothing but the flesh and bones of his thought. It might have been feared that such a mind would have foundered in sentiment. But, along with his "heroism," his raillery, in life, was a restraint, in his writing, which heightened the effect of his pathetic passages. Often, he gives a glance of compassion and passes on. With all its elaborateness, his writing seems not so much to have taken its form while his pen was still wet as to have been found ready made by his reading and experience. . . . He looks about him not for colour or form, but for the intellectual qualities of things—e.g., for the power of suggestion in a Titian. Again, it is the human moss and lichen (as it were), not the outlines, of places which appeal to him. What is indifferent to him almost moves him to aversion: his observation of others teaches us about himself. For he does not merely project himself into his characters, but he tinges their personality with his own. The writer's joy in Sarah Battle is mingled with her personality and shared with the reader. He has the capacity for reservation and selection which Montaigne lacked. In fact, says M. Derocquigny, his observation is rather the "infiltration into his heart and soul of the intimate qualities of the men and things among which he lived." Lamb sees that a chance of error awaits all human judgments: he cannot venture on affirmation, and he takes refuge in a playfulness which has just such a valuable sadness as often comes into the jesting of a good man through some quality of the voice. His humour, perhaps independent of the pathetic, reaches, in alliance with it, its perfect opulence. It seems at first to be laughter, but changes again, and yet again. Time after time, M. Derocquigny finds Lamb doing the impossible by means of this humane humour to which the pathetic enigma of life is always present. Only once does he fail to follow the essayist quite easily—where, in the Dissertation on Roast Pig, Lamb insists upon calling up the image of an infant in writing of a sucking pig. In the whole essay, the critic finds drollery, humour, and wit in perfect harmony: and we cannot but think that an after-thought will lead him to see in the extravagance of the comparison and the final absurdity of the quotation from Coleridge a perfect justification—not to speak of a possible tenderness at the root of it. Everywhere M. Derocquigny enjoys that mysterious charm which makes it impossible often to say with certainty: "Here Elia is pleasant with us." Lamb's style, he says acutely, is one of words, and confirms what Joubert says: "The science of words teaches the whole art of style." His phrases are not made in lengths, but they grow up round a word. It is a style, too, of abstract epithets and substantives, and yet in effect not abstract. Above all, it is a style which has never done with suggesting. It is, says the critic, this fascinating quality which has led him to touch an author whose peculiar qualities seemed to reserve him for the appreciation of his countrymen alone: seemed—for the French critic shows an easy knowledge of elder English which enables him, apparently, to see every bright ripple and every depth of meaning in the essays.

THEIR PASSING HOUR

Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty. By JOHN FYVIE.
(Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

"A WITTY woman," says George Meredith, "is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power." The volume before us gives us ample reason to ponder this saying and goes to prove that there were at least eight separate instances in which it once held good. It is melancholy to be forced to change the present tense to the past and to confess that we can no longer proclaim ourselves the subject of that sway. No beauty, it seems, is too great to perish; no wit long

outlives the echo of the voice that speaks it. Mr. Fyvie's eight chapters, indeed, are responsible for some sombre reflections. We cannot doubt that the power of which they speak was real enough in its day and that these ladies wielded it for the most part in circumstances of truly regal splendour. The fact, then, is all the more strange that when we come, some fifty years or so later, to ask in what the secret of their rule consisted we must confess ourselves not a little puzzled to account for it. "She was splendidly handsome," we read. "She had rich colouring and blue black braids of hair." The memoirs and the diaries seldom achieve any portrait that is more striking than that; or: "She was extremely epigrammatic in her talk," we are told, when we ask for a specimen of the famous wit. There is also considerable difference of opinion; the same lady is at once "an enthusiastic angel from heaven" and—if we look at her from another point of view—"bold, forward, coarse, assuming and vain." You must reconcile both these extremes before you can make any likeness of the woman who captivated Nelson.

The paradox has challenged considerable and distinguished attention; four at least of the eight famous women who are sketched here have had their champions and their enemies; more than one has snatched her fame at the cost of her reputation; all have thrown down their gauntlets to the world in one way or another. But the problem still fascinates, partly perhaps because the solution must always escape us. The secret of the spell seems to have died in each case with its possessor; it could not be transmitted to another. That fatal condition was attached to it, but the effect was all the more concentrated because it could not be prolonged. If it survives the grave at all, it is as some phantom and elusive will-o'-the-wisp, which flits through the vague regions of Victorian memoir-writers and leaves us with empty hands when we try to grasp it. Such a book as this spurs us on to the pursuit once more by its sober recapitulation of the miracles that were accomplished by some such intangible force. The means seem so slight in proportion to the results which they achieve that we are forced to imagine the presence of some subtle quality which is now lost to us. At the same time, when we are inclined in sheer despair to belittle the miracle, we must remember that we have substantial proofs before us. We find, for instance, that enigmatic lady, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the daughter of a small country squire, winning for herself a power second only to that of the Queen; and there is the blacksmith's daughter who without manners or wit could rule our greatest admiral and command the fleet. The book supplies us with not a few instances of the kind. This apparent discrepancy between her powers and her fame may become merely pathetic when we are in a position to test the lady's gifts by some authentic product that remains to us.

We have the "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare," for example, if we wish to inquire into Mrs. Montagu's title to fame, but it is charitable to remember, before we form our verdict, that Johnson said of the author: "She diffuses more knowledge in her conversation than any woman I know or, indeed, almost any man." The book, we must suppose, in this case, as in many others, is no adequate substitute for the talk. Mrs. Lennox, on the other hand, survives, if she survive at all, by virtue of "The Female Quixote, or the Adventures of Arabella," which, we take Mr. Fyvie's word for it, is "unquestionably a work of genius." The poor lady might have succeeded better with a witty tongue; she lived in poverty, and a friend had to pay the expenses of her burial. We must not, it is plain, turn to the ladies' literary works to help us to account for their celebrity. The pen, in two cases at least, was merely a useful drudge driven late into the night by beautiful women who must, unfortunately, earn their bread. Lady Blessington and Mrs. Norton both contributed copiously to those Keepsakes and Books of Beauty in which rank and fashion might use their brains without demeaning themselves. Mrs. Norton was styled on a famous occasion "The Empress of Fiction": her

novels had enormous vogue. And now—save for one or two of her poems which have been rescued by the anthologists—the rubbish-heaps of tarnished finery remain undisturbed. It was, as we have noted, the nature of these women's genius that it seemed inseparable from the living voice and the smile of the lips; it evaded the grosser interpretation of pen or pencil.

We must look for our portrait, then, not so much in any substantial token that has been left us, as in the reflection of the splendour which we can still discover on the face of contemporary society. We catch our best glimpse of Lady Blessington in those remarkable parties at Gore House in the youth of the last century, when all the lions of the season were collected round her. She made an art of such entertainments, and believed that they could yield really important results. Mrs. Grote, too, held a salon of the same kind. London society, it seems, was then of such proportions that the different sets could be made to revolve round some appropriate drawing-room centre, and women of high natural gifts thought it no mean ambition to occupy the position of authority. It asked no small artistic genius, they might have claimed, though their work must be anonymous. Lady Eastlake, again, was not only a hostess of "great conversational powers" but an art critic of high reputation. Her criticism of John Ruskin, for instance, makes very good reading still, and would be accepted with little alteration, we believe, by the artist of the present day.

There is, happily, no need for us to construct for ourselves any laborious portrait of the most brilliant of these eight women, the Hon. Mrs. Norton. We need not attempt to put flesh on such bare bones as are thrown to us by contemporary observers, when we have "Diana of the Crossways" upon our shelves. Mr. Meredith, as we know, desires his work "to be read as fiction"; but the word fiction applies only to the unessential facts, and it is safe to predict that generations to come will read the truth of this famous woman and of many like her in the pages of a novel. Genius alone can preserve for us the wit that has been spoken and the beauty that has long faded, by creating them afresh. We must be grateful, however, for Mr. Fyvie's addition to our materials, although we still await the wizard who shall transform them into flesh and blood. Thanks must be given, too, for eight very interesting illustrations.

MARIANA

Etudes par l'Historiographie Espagnole. Mariana Historien.
Par GEORGES CIROT. (Bordeaux: Fret & Fils.)

THAT M. Georges Cirot should have written a laborious volume on the Spanish historian, Juan de Mariana, is not so surprising as that his work should be published. The merits of the modern French historical school are well known. It has all the care and industry of the best-graced German, with a blessed faculty for making things clear, not so common beyond the Rhine as a capacity for conscientious hard work. M. Cirot displays these merits of matter and form in company with many others, and Mariana supplies him with an excellent subject. Given the attractions of the theme, and the interest shown by French scholars in *las cosas de España*, as proved by the existence of the "Revue Hispanique," to mention nothing else, it is not wonderful that M. Cirot should have desired to write the book, or that, being a trained scholar, he should have done it well. What we see with some respectful envy is that he has found a publisher. A thorough *apparatus criticus* to the literary legacy of a Spanish historian of the sixteenth century may bring reputation in the scholarly world, but it cannot promise a large sale to the publisher. And things being thus, it affords no possibility of that "little honest profit for himself" which Fuller with his usual candour alleged as one of his main motives in producing his "Worthies."

M. Cirot would have waited long before his studies attained to "the honours of the press" in this country. In France he has not only brought out his Mariana, but another work on "Les Histoires Générales d'Espagne, entre Alphonse X. et Philippe II." The explanation of the riddle is double. In the first place there is a much more disinterested desire among French scholars to do, at least once in their lives, a piece of sound critical work for love of the subject and reputation than we can boast of here. Then, France is well provided with Societies and funds private or public, which can produce books without having to make painful calculations in view of the higgling of the market. M. Cirot's "Mariana Historien" belongs to the "Bibliothèque de la Fondation Thiers."

Meanwhile, let us be thankful that they order this matter better in France, and have given students of literature M. Cirot's Mariana. We do not say of Spanish literature only, for Mariana belongs on two grounds to the whole world. He wrote excellent Latin, and he handled, both in his history and in his "Tractatus," questions which can never cease to be of contemporary interest to any generation. The "De Rege et Regis Institutione" is a landmark in political literature. The "De Spectaculis" is a grave and learned statement of the ascetic doctrine common to all who are first and foremost religious. Pascal, who held that all the great amusements of the world are fatal to piety—the one thing necessary—and that the stage is worst of all, agreed with Mariana. So did the Anglican Collier when he fell upon the "Profaneness and Immorality" of our theatre. No historian could overlook the "De Rege." Its matter and its fortune alike would save it from neglect. Written in the latter days of Philip II., and published just after the accession of his son, it lays down the Whig doctrine that the King derives his authority from the consent of his people, and may justly be deposed by them if he governs ill. Nor does Mariana stop there. He is perfectly explicit as to "the lawfulness of a private man's standing forth as the avenger of public oppression," the subject on which the gifted Gilfillan lectured to Waverley with "much more sense than could have been expected from some other parts of his harangue." M. Cirot hardly insists with sufficient force on the striking agreement between Mariana and writers with whom a Spanish Jesuit would not at first sight appear to have much in common. The "De Rege" harmonises wonderfully with the "De Jure Regni" of Buchanan. Eleven years after its publication the murder of Henri IV. by Ravaillac drew the attention of the Parliament of Paris to the "De Rege." It was burnt by the hangman. The Jesuits were disagreeably surprised to find that one of their order had brought a universal attack upon them. "Les Catholiques et les Protestans fondirent sur eux à qui mieux mieux" says Bayle, and the Company made desperate attempts to wash off the stain. Even in their present condition of restoration they have to explain away their famous brother. They have taken the simpler course of disputing the authenticity of his "Treatise on the Diseases of the Order."

If, however, Mariana was not only an historian, he lives in literature chiefly as the author of the "Historia General." And this is deservedly his rank. The merest criticaster can revel in demonstrating the defects of the History. Mariana wrote first in singularly nervous and manly Latin, to give the educated public of Europe, to whom Latin was still a common speech, a clear account of the history of Spain founded on the best second-hand authorities. He distinctly disavowed any claim to historical research, and, when reproached with having made a mistake as to the birthplace of Prudentius, replied that he had never pretended to verify every detail of this kind, and that if he had the world would have waited for ever for a history of Spain. When his Latin history found a slow sale, he translated it into Castilian, though he professed some contempt for the "Romancistas," or writers in the vulgar tongue. Bacon himself was not more convinced of the superiority of Latin. But their native

languages revenged themselves on both. Mariana, almost in his own despite, occupied at once, and occupies now, a commanding place as a writer of Castilian. No one would think to-day of quoting him as an authority on a disputed point. He had, indeed, as M. Cirot shows, much more knowledge of the sources than it has been usual to credit him with. When he disowned any claim to research he was speaking as a man of great learning who had taught theology in the Jesuit schools of Rome, Sicily and Paris for years, and whose "scholia" on the language of the Bible extorted the praise of Simon. "We do not know," said Dr. Parr, "what Dr. Johnson would have called a little Greek." If he did not rival his contemporary Zurita, the author of the "Anales de Aragon," the first modern critical historian of mediæval history, it was because he did not wish so to do. He aimed at producing, not a romance on the history of his country, but a book for the unlearned men of the world in which the romance is certainly not omitted. His model was Livy, his age called on the historian for example and doctrine, at least, as much as fact, and his modern equivalent must be sought in Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather." His strong native sagacity goes far to keep him on the safe side of credulity, and his "plus transcribo quam credo" is a perpetual warning that we are not asked to take for gospel every story which came to him from a "cantar de gesta" of the twelfth century. And they too, be it observed, if not testimony to fact, are evidence of the beliefs and ways of life of the society by which they were produced. With all his limitations, Mariana wrote the first national history in a vulgar tongue of modern Europe which has lived. His narrative is masterly, his thought is strong, and his style is a model. M. Cirot ends with a capital analysis of the Castilian of Mariana. It is a lesson both in Spanish and in style to read his demonstration how Mariana avoided the too common vividness of his countrymen, and their lumbering gerundival sentences on the one hand, and on the other the affected, clipped, nod-and-wink manner of Quevedo, or Melo, and other "conceptistas," that is, admirers of "conceits," who despised plain narrative. The minute scholar may detect slips in M. Cirot's study, but we know of no other volume in which the reader will find a more complete account of Mariana or incidentally a better picture of the learned literary world of Spain at the time, with its extraordinary mixture of real criticism and of unscrupulous ingenuity in forging false chronicles for the honour of national saints and religious houses.

ST. ANDREWS AND ST. LEONARD'S

The College of St. Leonard. By J. HERKLESS and R. K. HANNAY. (Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net.)

MOST of the visitors to St. Andrews see only the new part of the town, the west end, adjacent to the links. Less than a mile from the first tee is the ancient part of the town, the streets diverging from the ruins of the Cathedral, like the spokes from the head of a fan. The streets are North Street, the top whereof is the fishers' quarter, with old red-roofed houses, heaps of mussel-shells, and exterior fore stairs, leading to the first floors. Next it is the narrow ancient end of Market Street with its high pitched roofs, while picturesque "closes" or lanes run at right angles into the wide South Street, with, at the eastern end, old town houses of the country gentry, old courts such as you see at Avignon, and gardens running, on the south side, down to meet the country fields. The garden of Queen Mary's House, where she practised archery with Lindsay and bantered Randolph, does not run down to the fields, but is cut across by the roofless chapel of St. Leonard's College, enclosing the tomb of Winram, sub-prior, who sat at the trial of the last Protestant martyr, in 1558, and became an ally of John Knox and a contributor to "The Book of Discipline," in 1560. Behind the chapel

are modernised remains of the College of St. Leonard, houses of the large school for girls, which has fallen heir to St. Leonard's College, and is associated with such remains of antiquity as fanaticism, avarice, and the philistinism of Sir David Brewster and Sir Hugh Playfair, occupants of St. Leonard's in the nineteenth century, have spared. In the "yards" or gardens of St. Leonard's, probably in what is now the cricket-ground, John Knox used to walk when, in his latest days, he dwelt in the New Hospice of the Abbey, whereof a gateway and a lump of ruins alone remain. On walls of the ruined chapel and the buildings are the arms of Prior John Hepburn, an unsuccessful competitor for the archbishopric after Flodden fight, and the endower and practically the founder of the College of St. Leonard.

The history of the College is written by the Rev. Professor Herkless, and the old documents are edited and translated by Mr. R. K. Hannay. They take us pretty far back in the history of Kilrymont, now St. Andrews.

Mr. Herkless collects what he can about St. Leonard, a Gaulish Christian of the fifth-sixth centuries. He is associated, like St. Catherine of Fierbois, with prisoners and with hospitals. Richard I., released, paid thanks to him: he had hospitals many in Scotland, and, early in the twelfth century, a church in Perth. About 1248, we hear of his hospital in St. Andrews, not, then, a university town. The hospital existed before its dedication to St. Leonard, and was held by the Culdees, persons who much resembled a college of married fellows, mainly clerical. They were gradually swamped by the Augustinian canons of the Abbey, who extended the hospital, and worked it on more generous principles than the Keltic Culdees had entertained. The hospice sheltered pilgrims to the miraculous relics of St. Andrew, but about 1512-1513 Archbishop Stewart, son of James IV., acknowledged that the miracles had long ceased, which was bad for business in St. Andrews, while the hospice had been converted into a kind of almshouse for unsatisfactory old women. Stewart constituted the church and hospice of St. Leonard into a college, a rival of Bishop Kennedy's older College of St. Salvador, still extant with its practicable but sadly defaced chapel. Prior Hepburn conferred most of the endowments; in 1545 Cardinal Beaton ratified the foundation, and, in 1561-1580, that Vicar of Bray, Winram, added what resources clung to the old Culdee foundation in an island, not Queen Mary's island, of Loch Leven. The College finally "collapsed from inanition." Much as the Scots brag of their love of education, the Universities, after the lovable Reformation, were much more frequently robbed on all hands than endowed. Maitland of Lethington got a good share of the property of St. Salvador's, and Andrew Melville was said to have neglected St. Mary's College, while Archbishop Spottiswoode was accused of robbery—by the Covenanters. St. Leonard's in the middle of the eighteenth century was united with St. Salvador's; the college buildings were sold to private buyers, the chapel went to ruin, and Sir David Brewster is said to have removed the tower, to serve his private ends. Wesley (1776) found the college "a heap of ruins."

In reformed times the principals of the College were preachers, "spiritual needs" were more studied than "intellectual wants," as was natural since the St. Andrews ministers saw to it that the preacher in St. Leonard's Kirk was Principal of St. Leonard's College—"a long and dreary trial of one country minister after another at the head of our affairs" (1738). The countrified principals were probably not much more learned than the early "regents" or tutors had been before the Reformation. The college, meant to be a bulwark of the faith, was very soon a centre of Protestantism, but it seems that one Logie, a reforming head of 1533-37, was not really persecuted out of the country, as Protestant martyrologists have averred, but was well thought of in the University. This is perhaps the most important discovery made in the old documents. The principal of 1544 was "a rotten papist," as Knox writes in

his schoolboy slang. That historian, who calls the French "these bloody worms," and distributes "rotten," "stinking," and "beastly" among such persons as he does not like, may perhaps have picked up his parts of speech at St. Leonard's. In any case the college, after 1560, was "godly," and supplied the few who mourned, amidst the general rejoicings, over the Reformer's last departure from St. Andrews.

The University sent a loyal address to James II. in the troubles of 1668, and St. Leonard's, the college favoured by the descendants of the murdered Archbishop Sharp, was especially Jacobite. In Dr. Johnson's day "a decent attempt" was made to turn the chapel "into a kind of greenhouse." He was always prevented from visiting the ruins, and thought that the professors had the decency to be ashamed of their own conduct. We are not told who the most noted students have been, but the present writer, as a St. Leonard's man, when, in the 'sixties, the place was a Hall, is not best pleased to learn that Gillespie Grumach,

"He who sold his king for gold,
The master fiend, Argyll,"

and Guthrie, who troubled the great Montrose on his dying day, were educated at the old place of so many varied fortunes.

Judging from Mr. Hannay's list of the food allowances in 1740, one supposes that the men must usually have dined out of College, at Glass's, or some other tavern. The old buildings of the other College, St. Salvador's, were allowed to go to ruin, and were pulled down in the middle of last century. The professors allowed the beautiful old carved roof of the hall, fruit and flower pieces, to be chopped up for firewood, and stuck a "lean-to" for a gymnasium against the north side of Kennedy's chapel, now so dark that the Bishop's tomb, dilapidated but beautiful in decay, has to be, or lately had to be, examined by the aid of greasy lighted candle ends. Universities, like other Corporations, have no souls to suffer, and are, as a rule, as philistine as any municipal body. By some oversight, nobody ever stole Kennedy's beautiful silver mace, Parisian work of about 1460, nor the curious medals of the winners of the prize for archery, including Montrose, and, we think, Argyll. In the last half-century the library has ceased to be the place that had to be concealed from Dr. Johnson; and, though robbed for centuries, is now as safe as the Bodleian. The little University has taken a new lease of life, but for many years no students have lived, as of old, within its walls. The publication of "The College of St. Leonard," very well done, is a proof of reviving animation.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT

Adolphe. Par BENJAMIN CONSTANT. Preface de PAUL BOURGET. (Dent, 1s. 6d. net.)

"ADOLPHE" is not the less a French classic because it is practically unknown to English readers or because it is a novel written in a fortnight by a man who was not a novelist and had none of the novelist's tricks at his command. Nothing would be easier than to make a long list of the qualities usually desirable in fiction which it does not possess. It relates instead of presenting: it draws no pictures and delineates no portraits. The characterisation is of the most shadowy, and there is no effective dialogue. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks—which do not seem to be drawbacks when we read it—it is, in its *genre*, a masterpiece, marking a distinct stage in the development of French fiction, startling the reader on almost every page by its extraordinary modernity. It is the earliest example of the novel of pure self-analysis; and it is the self-analysis of a very remarkable man—a man of brilliant talent and prolonged emotional experience, disdainful of all emotional

false pretences, examining his own heart as if he had it on the dissecting-table. In his diary he wrote that the romance was to be the story of his own life. It is not, indeed, autobiographical in its fidelity to outward fact; but it is the faithful record of his own emotions during the period of his long *liaison* with Madame de Staël. For the world at large that fact was first established by the publication of his "Journal Intime" which tells the same story over again with full mention of all the names; but those who were in his confidence knew it at the time. An interesting correspondence on the subject passed in 1816 between his cousins Charles and Rosalie de Constant. Who, they asked each other, was the original of "Ellénore"? Charles suggested that it was a Mrs. Lindsay, "a gay girl, half French, half English, who had been brought to live in concubinage through the machinations of adventurers. The lady of Coppet," he added, "counts for nothing in the work." But Rosalie knew better. She, living at Lausanne, had been the witness of the *liaison*. In its early stages she had seen Benjamin stroking Madame de Staël's hair, and calling her his "dear little pussy cat." In its later stages she had seen Madame de Staël go into hysterics on the stairs, and throw herself on the floor and howl because Benjamin wished to break off relations with her, and she could not bear to let him go. She therefore was in a position to put the dots on the i's, and to say exactly how much of the romance was fact and how much was fiction.

"The position," she wrote, "is so well depicted that I fancied myself once more back at the time when I used to be the witness of an unworthy bondage and of a weakness based upon a sentiment of generosity. It is not she of whom he writes, except in so far as she was his tyrant. But he does write of himself, and I can perfectly well understand that, after having figured in so many dramatic scenes, having been so diversely judged, and so often in contradiction with himself, he has found some satisfaction in explaining himself, in drawing the true conclusions from his conduct, and in pointing out the causes of his errors and the motives which actuated him in a relation which so strongly influenced his life . . . Poor Benjamin! I believe him to be one of the unhappiest of men. His mind is so well balanced that it shows him all sides of all questions and all the consequences of all the mistakes into which passion or weakness has led him."

To which Charles de Constant replied that Rosalie's arguments had convinced him that she was right, and that it was indeed the *liaison* with "the celebrated one" that was the subject of the romance.

The interest of the romance, however, it must be repeated, is not autobiographical, but psychological. Ellénore is not a great lady, but a kept woman. Therefore readers could easily say—and were doubtless meant to say—that Ellénore could not possibly be Madame de Staël. But the relations of Benjamin Constant to Madame de Staël are unmistakably reflected in the relations of Adolphe to his mistress. The story is the study of a weak lover's attempt to revolt and of an imperious mistress' power to subjugate and detain; a study of silken fetters gradually hardening into leather thongs. Madame de Staël had written in prose, some time before Byron wrote it in poetry, that

"Man's love is of his life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

What she had written she made her lover feel; and he was the sort of man who was capable of feeling it acutely. Unstable as water, unable to sustain an ardent attachment for any length of time, he was nevertheless keenly sensitive to the suffering of which he was declared to be the cause. He pretended, therefore, an affection which he did not feel, screwed up his courage, again and again, to the point of making up his mind to treat his mistress badly, broke down as often when the pressure of tears and hysterics was put upon him, and when he could no longer ride triumphantly in the car, submitted to be dragged at the chariot wheels, enduring all the agonies of a divided mind. That is the situation which "Adolphe" expounds for the first time in literature. It is also the situation set forth, in a different environment, in Daudet's "Sapho"; and it is by reading "Sapho" after reading "Adolphe"

that we can best and most clearly trace Benjamin Constant's influence upon French fiction. To the structural part of the story-teller's craft he added nothing; but, by the candour of his self-revelation, he supplied fiction with a new emotion and a new idea, of which his successors, probably without consciously imitating him, have made liberal use. This is a good deal to be able to say of a novelist who only wrote one short novel and wrote it in a fortnight.

THE SOLITARY LIFE

The Nun's Rule. Being the Ancren Riwe modernised by JAMES MORTON. With Introduction by ABBOT GASQUET. (The De la More Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS work is purely mediæval, and has for us the interest that mediæval works have—a great and peculiar interest, arising largely from a comparison of the old ideals with the ideals of the present day. It lies dormant for many pages, and emerges with a flash at some strikingly modern passage, some quaint turn of thought, some human touch. The appeal which such a book makes in the twentieth century is incidental, literary, and often far from the intention of the writer.

The Ancren Riwe was written early in the thirteenth century, perhaps by Richard Poore, for the guidance of three anchoresses living at Tarrent. Seven hundred years later we modernise the language of his pastoral utterance and publish it in duodecimo. We do not take a sincere and lively interest in many of the rules by which the recluses were instructed to arrange their lives. To Bishop Poore, or whoever was the author of the Rule, and to the ladies for whom he wrote, it was important that at the "Gloria Patri" they should make a large cross, and fall to the earth if it were a work-day, but bow downward if it were a holiday, as far as the words "sicut erat." To us it is not. And it is we who are in the wrong and Bishop Poore who is right. We approach his work, which he wrote to show how best souls might be saved, in a spirit of levity and irrelevancy, seeking for some general literary interest, meaning to fix our attention on aspects of the treatise which are entirely unessential. To cite two short passages only:

"They shall smell celestial odours, who in this life had stench and rank smells of sweat, from iron or from hair-cloth which they wore, or from sweaty garments, or from foul air in their houses."

"On the day of Judgment God will do as if he said: 'Daughter, did this person hurt thee? Did he cause thee to stumble in wrath, or in grief of heart, in shame, or in suffering? Look, daughter, how he shall pay for it.' And ye shall see them bounced with the devil's mallets, so that they shall be weary of life. And ye shall be well pleased with this . . ."

Without wishing to open any discussion, or express any theological opinion, we may still say that such passages made an appeal in the thirteenth century which they do not make now. And so it is with the rest of the work. We do not think that time is most profitably spent in scraping out our own graves with our hands, that we may not be proud of their whiteness: we are not convinced by the author's arguments in favour of the solitary life; we should hardly say of ourselves that good men are either like pilgrims, or like the dead, or like the crucified. And yet all these are important doctrinal points and integral parts of the author's teaching.

On the other hand, we are interested in the passage about the pelican, first because it is described as "a lean bird," and we think as we read of pelicans we have seen in the Zoological Gardens or elsewhere; and secondly because we are struck by the different characters ascribed to the pelican by our author and by George Wither. Wither cites it as a type of mildness and kindness, but here it is said to be so wrathful and peevish that it will slay its own young in anger, and then, swiftly repenting, tear its own breast and revive them with the blood. We smile at the old-fashioned boldness of the passage which asks whether

it is not a great grief when Christ's spouse is changed into a she-wolf. We note with interest a mention of "Jesus Christ's knighthood, which he practised on the cross," because it reminds us of similar phrases and images in St. Catherine and other mediæval writers. We cannot help being amused by the reference to Greek Fire, which "is made of a red man's blood," and the three unexpected substances, sand, vinegar and one other, by which alone it can be extinguished. And while we shall sleep over the long Fourth Part of the Rule, which deals with external and internal temptations, we shall read with pleasure the very short final chapter, which the author thought hardly worth writing, dealing with the food, clothing and domestic habits which he considered suitable to three ladies leading the solitary life.

RED DAWN

As from fair dreams a maid might wake, and sigh,
Filled with distaste for day, she knows not why,
All fretful, at her glass, fling back her hair,
And, flushed and beautiful, gaze brooding there;
So did I see the Maid of Morning rise,
Toss the cloud-tresses from half-angry eyes,
Fling back night's coverings from her rosy knee,
And spring forth, glowing, on the grey North-Sea.
Then wave, and sky, and little fisher-place,
Catch the effulgence from her flaming face,
That lights anew the beacon on the hill,
Gleams on the cliff-side village, sleeping still,
Shoots through the little storm-cracked window-pane,
Flushing the toil-worn wife a girl again,
Haloes her baby's hair, and, on her man,
Makes Rembrandt glories with his throat's rich tan;
While—crowning loveliness—the upthrown spray
Falls like a shower of rose-leaves in the bay;
And wheeling o'er it, the bright sea-bird shows,
A flying flower, a winged enfranchised rose.

P. HABBERTON LULLAM.

THE EARLY WRITINGS OF MADAME DE STAËL

As literature the early work of the most famous of French-women of letters amounts to just nothing at all. To criticise it is like correcting a schoolgirl's essay—a formless essay, full of irrelevant matter. Anybody might have written it. Anybody, at any rate, might have written something on the same subject that would have served as well. You are equally bound to come to that conclusion, whether you read it carefully or skim it. Its real interest is not for the critics but for the biographers, who, as it happens, have strangely neglected to make use of it, and have strangely failed to perceive the particular wrapped up in the general, or to detect the bitter cry tricked out as a philosophy. It is, in fact, a confession couched in platitudes—a chronicle of the discovery of the obvious by painful personal experience.

That, of course, was Madame de Staël's way. She who, when she went to Germany, sniffed at the Fichtean Ego as a device for helping lame philosophers over stiles, conceived of the whole of life as an obstacle race which her own Ego had to run. Whatever she "envisaged," the thing that she actually saw was always the same: "Madame de Staël surrounded by other things." Her outlook, that is to say, was always personal; and her philosophy was one long generalisation from a single instance. That is why it is so intensely interesting—so much more interesting than valuable; and that is the

reason why one may most profitably read her in the spirit of the sportsman, regarding the philosophy as the hunting field, and the single instance as the quarry. When did she write this, that, or the other thing, and why? What is the confession that lurks behind the lecture? Those are the problems to be pursued from page to page. Solving them, we shall find that we have solved other problems also, and notably that we know exactly in what temper the writer contracted the marriage tie, and what she thought of it after it was contracted.

It has been supposed that she was passive in the matter, as French brides generally are, and astonishment has been expressed that nowhere in her writings does she tell us that she was unhappy with the husband from whom she separated. But she does tell us this, though not in so many words, and tells us much more besides—that, when she married M. de Staël, she was already in love with somebody else—that she went to the altar not as a passive but as a conscious victim, with her heart full of bitter thoughts—that she and M. de Staël were "incompatibles."

The first confession is contained in the "Éloge" of General Guibert, never published in her lifetime, but found locked in her desk after her death. He was the lover, it will be remembered, who seduced the affections of Mlle. Lespinasse from d'Alembert, and then deserted her, and broke her heart: a handsome, plausible soldier—a dazzling though a worthless man. Madame de Staël told Fanny Burney that the General was in love with her before her marriage. She said nothing of her feelings for him; but the "Éloge" reveals them, and the fact of its suppression confirms them:

"Ah, who," she cries, "will give me back those long talks, so rich in imagination and ideas? It was not by weeping with you that he consoled you for your troubles, but no one did more to soften your sorrows, and to help you to bear the weight of your reflections, by teaching you to look at them in all their aspects. He was not a friend for every moment or for every day. His thoughts, and perhaps his personality, distracted his attention from other people. But, to say nothing of the great services he would render you—services of which too many profess themselves capable and for which you could always depend upon M. de Guibert—his whole soul, when he spoke to you, seemed to be yours."

This is, indeed, the writing of a woman who has loved the man of whom she writes—a confession to which it might well have been embarrassing for the wife of the Swedish Ambassador publicly to subscribe her name. In writing fiction, however, she could more easily say and sign what she felt; and this is what she did in a collection of short stories entitled "Trois nouvelles."

"The chief importance of this little volume," says one of the biographers, "is in its introduction, which is a critical essay of remarkable ability on Fictitious Literature." Nothing of the kind. The world is full of better essays on Fictitious Literature; and the true importance of the collection lies in the fact that, though Madame Staël did not publish it until 1795, she wrote the stories in the year of her marriage, either just before or just after her wedding-day. They prove that, at that date, she was already given over to melancholy and morbid thoughts. In part, no doubt, it was a literary melancholy that possessed her, and "The Sorrows of Werther," then much in vogue, far more than her own sorrows, caused her to sprinkle her pages with death in many a shape. But the personal note is struck too; and her private theories about love and marriage transpire. She is already thinking of love as something apart from marriage—something which has as little to do with marriage as Lord Melbourne said that religion ought to have to do with private life. In "Sophie ou les sentimens secrets" we see love threatening to break up domestic peace. Sophie, the orphan girl, is in love with her guardian, who is the husband of her dearest friend. In "Adélaïde et Théodore" we have a heroine who goes to her marriage as to her doom, not loving her husband, and sure that she will never love him, lamenting the end of all sentimental things:

"Adélaïde was in despair. Her romantic dream of happiness was destroyed. She resisted longer than might have been expected from a

girl of her age; but at a ball consent was at last wrung from her. On the morrow of the fatal day she wrote a letter full of melancholy to her aunt: 'There is no more hope for me,' she said. 'They have robbed me of my future. The happiness of loving is for ever forbidden to me. I shall die without knowing what life is. Nothing that can happen can concern me any more. All things are one to me.' A few days later she wrote: 'I must let my senses be dazed. I must let myself be caught in the whirlwind of life. For me there is neither happiness nor unhappiness any longer. I can no more take pleasure in dreaming. I yield to the torrent. I love whatever makes the time pass faster.'

And then follows the story of the marriage, with a striking note of disdain for the unhappy husband. The young bride is the Queen of the Parisian salons, and yet: "In the midst of her transports of joy at the fêtes and her success in them, Adélaïde was always kind to her husband, for she reflected that even fools have their vanity."

This might perfectly well stand for an account of Madame de Staël's married life written in retrospect. She was, as we know, kind to her husband, in so far as kindness is consistent with infidelity—even going so far as to write his despatches for him in the intervals of philandering with other men. She did, as we also know, seek in the salons a distraction not to be derived from domesticity. The short stories are the proof that she was not lured into this life of excitement, but that she deliberately intended from the first to fly to excitement as an anodyne. They contain, if not a manifesto, then at the least a programme.

Excitement, in her case, ended in illicit love. The favours which she withdrew from M. de Staël were bestowed first upon M. de Narbonne, and then upon Benjamin Constant. Those are long stories, and there is no room to tell them here. It suffices to note that, in both cases, she was the pursuer rather than the pursued. The one debated, and debateable, question is whether it was any active dissatisfaction with the married state that drove her to seek other sentimental ties. The biographers say that they know of none—that the dissatisfaction, though it may be conjectured from her conduct, has nowhere been expressed by her. But let us turn to the essay "*De l'influence des passions sur le bonheur des individus et des nations*," and try to read between the lines.

It is naively egoistical in essence, like everything that Madame de Staël wrote; and it was written just after M. de Narbonne had, as Madame Récamier tells us, "behaved badly." Naturally, therefore, it tells us, in anticipation of Byron, that love is "woman's whole existence," but "only an episode in the lives of men," and is also "of all passions the most fatal to human happiness"; and it goes on to inquire whether love and happiness may not be found in marriage. This is the conclusion:

"It [marriage] is the tie of all others in which it is least possible to obtain the romantic happiness of the heart. To keep the peace in this relationship it is necessary to exercise a self-control and to make sacrifices which cause this kind of existence to approximate much more nearly to the pleasures of virtue than to the joys of passion."

That is all; but it is enough. Nowhere else has Madame de Staël told us that she was unhappy with her husband; but there can be no doubt whatever that that is what she is telling us here, and that the single instance from which she is generalising, according to her habit, is her own.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SIMPLICITY

It would be no bad exercise for the younger poet of to-day to lay aside his pen for a while, and turn to the first of the two little volumes which the late Professor Palgrave compiled out of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, and christened by the appropriate title of *The Golden Treasury*. If he read with insight he might possibly light upon the secret which is the key to the immortal palaces of song. For he could hardly fail to be struck by the prevailing characteristic of those masterpieces of our lyrical genius—the beautiful simplicity both of their metre and expression. And perhaps, after wander-

ing in this garden of roses still wet with the dew of their first fragrant freshness, he might, if a true poet, learn a disgust of all things false and artificial, and come to see that even art is only art in so far as it wears the face of sincerity and truth. For every poet in his making is, as Wordsworth observed, handicapped by being born within a narrow circle of expression, which is supposed to belong to poetry and poetry alone, and outside which he hesitates to step for fear of forfeiting his claim to the name of poet. Outside this circle the mere rhymester or maker of verses never steps, because without creative power or inspiration of his own he merely juggles with the dead forms of poetry, with metre and rhythm, things that he has received from others; his poetry is an exercise but an exercise only, perfect, maybe, according to the accepted canons of his art, but lacking the one thing necessary to give it breath and life. And it is characteristic of the mere versifier that it is on the difficulties of his metre and the extravagance of his rhythm that his title to the name of poet rests. Perhaps all poets pass through this phase, and perhaps this is the reason why, as the legacy of poetic diction increases, so does the individual note grow less. Few have the strength to throw off the shackles of tradition and trust their own unaided voices. Wordsworth had this strength; he is indeed the most signal example of the excellence to be attained in poetry by purity of language and simplicity of style. His life might also be taken as an ideal to be followed by those whose eyes are towards the eternal places. Ridiculed by most of his contemporaries, thrust out of sight by the meaner spirits of his day, he was an old man ere he came into his own and wore his tardy laurels, laurels that have grown greener with each succeeding year. For concerning Wordsworth posterity—relentless judge of false and true, of base and beautiful—has spoken with no uncertain voice. And it is his crowning glory, that dull and uninspired as he may appear to the uncritical mind and the undiscerning eye, it is to the poet, to the lover of words in their linked sweetness and long-drawn harmonies, that he makes his chief appeal. Not that he is a poet's poet in the same way as Shelley and Keats—but perhaps none but poets fully realise his greatness. No less a critic than Coleridge, himself a master of word-magic, remarks on the *curiosa felicitas* of his language. "Since Milton," he says, "I know of no poet with so many felicities, and unforgettable lines as you." We have cited Wordsworth because, whenever the subject of simplicity is under discussion, his name must always take a foremost place, and because it is our contention that the first lyrics in our language are those which owe the least to meretriciousness of phrase or adornment of metre. That Professor Palgrave held this opinion must be plain to all who are read in his *Golden Treasury*, where Wordsworth is represented by no less than forty-one pieces. The enduring things of poetry—as, indeed, of prose—have ever been those which are expressed in simple and direct language. And it is a pity that the words "simple" and "simplicity" are capable of so many shades of meaning, because simplicity in art is a rare and precious thing, and much more difficult to attain than what is overstrained and exaggerated. It is, indeed, a commonplace that simplicity is the test of an author's strength, or, in other words, that the great artist is he whose work is so perfect as to seem wrought without effort. Directly the effort is visible the spell is broken. And here the poet treads on dangerous ground, on shifting sands wherein the reputation of many a singer has disappeared. To strain after simplicity, to "play the sedulous ape," have often the same results as a striving after novel and exaggerated effects of metre and expression. The effect attained in both is artificial and ephemeral. Into this pitfall fell Tennyson, who even in his first and finest efforts worked dangerously near it, and from those depths he never succeeded in extricating himself. FitzGerald even went so far as to say that he wrote nothing worth remembering after his "*Locksley Hall*" volume, an opinion which posterity is certainly beginning to endorse.

The real reason why no great poetry is written nowadays is that we have no poets who have the strength and patience to be true to themselves, to say what they have to say in simple and unaffected language; they are tied to the conventions of their art, and follow the shadow rather than the substance. They would do well to remember the saying of Wordsworth—that a great poet has to make his audience; which is surely the same as saying that the great poet is he who is least indebted to the conventions of poetry that satisfy a shallow present-day criticism, he who is a new voice and not a mere echo. And to those who have lingered in the treasure-houses of English poetry it must be apparent that our great poets are at their best in those songs that in their sweetness and simplicity seem to come direct from the heart itself. For the language of all true and great passion is simple. Perhaps one of the reasons why the great poets have so often been neglected for lesser spirits is that their beauties are for the inner eye, their harmonies for the inner ear, and so do not meet with the immediate acceptance that waits on the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of the inferior poetry which pleases with a meaningless jingle of words. For simplicity of expression must not be confounded with simplicity of thought, the rule rather being that poverty of thought is betrayed by extravagance of language. And by thought is meant the images and atmosphere which the poet conceives in his own mind and strives by the medium of words to impart to the minds of others. The great artist is he who by the use and combination of words in no way remarkable of themselves produces a striking effect—throws the glamour of poetry over the minds of his readers. To step outside the domain of lyrical poetry for a moment in order to prove what an effect can be wrought by a combination of simple and every-day words, let us quote three lines:

"The light that never was on sea or land . . .
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns . . .
The silence that is in the starry sky:"—

These lines have nothing of the adornment of rhyme or metre about them; they are in fact in form and expression scarcely removed from prose, and yet they have to the full the indefinable essence of great poetry. We cannot describe the exact effect they produce in us, because they chain us down to no one fixed idea, but fill us with strange and yearning thoughts, translate us to other worlds wonderful and changing as the hues of sunset itself. Wordsworth, indeed, is a master of the art of weaving into the seemingly simple phrase the beauty of things far off and dimly imagined, and of giving to that beauty the indescribable touch of pathos which Aristotle considered the chief attribute of all great poetry.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

But, to turn from Wordsworth, who avowedly disdained the tricks and artifices of his trade, we see that Keats and Shelley—both lovers of the luxury of words—could be simple when they chose without losing their charm, rather gaining yet more.

"Nor that content, surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd."

Shelley wrote no finer lines than those.

"'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know:"—

two lines of Keats without a single epithet.

And what could be simpler and sweeter than the songs of Shakespeare scattered about his dramas? It is worthy of remark by the budding poets of to-day who are running amok among the strange and tuneless metres of their own invention that nearly all the best and most quoted lines in English poetry are to be found in octo- or decasyllabic verse. The reason for this is not far to seek, because in

poetry as well as in prose, that which is best said is generally that which is shortest said, and the perfect craftsman is he who is most sparing of his material—"infinite riches in a little room." "I read poetry first for sound, and then for sense," said—was it Ruskin? And by "sense" the author of this remark did not mean that poetry should be didactic, a vehicle for copybook maxims; he desired only that it should convey some meaning either to the imagination or to actual experience. Such a saying as Flaubert's, that a beautiful verse meaning nothing is superior to a less beautiful verse meaning something, is too foolish to merit argument. How can that be beautiful which means nothing?

Such lines as

"Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn:"

or

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise:"

lines of simple mystical and poetical beauty and belonging to the domain of poetry alone, are they not full of meaning—haunting, suggestive, mysterious? But the champions of this absurd statement turn to Swinburne to give it point and say: "Here is beauty without meaning! Here are words, beautiful words, and nothing more." To these we would quote the opening line of "Hesperia": "Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is," and ask them to match that line either for beauty of expression or suggestion from any of the poet's tuneful, meaningless rhapsodies. The reply will be: "But that is the most beautiful line in all Swinburne." Yes, for the simple reason that it has meaning as well as sound. There are many poems we should like to quote in support of our plea for simplicity—did space allow. But turn to the Golden Treasury, you who would learn the way of excellence, for there you shall see that, where simplicity is, there is strength and grace and loveliness.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

DULNESS

It is not easy to hit upon anything like an exact definition of dulness. The modern writer regards it with terror, but like the blind and panic-stricken traveller often flounders into the morass from his very anxiety to escape it. If nature did not intend a man to be brilliant it is unwise to baulk her. The ordinary milch-cow is a most useful animal, but those who have observed its gallop will readily admit that it cannot successfully emulate the beautiful motion of a hare, or a deer, or a racehorse. Probably it was after watching some effort of this kind that a living critic declared one of his chief aims in writing was not to be brilliant. But when, as in the case of Mr. —, the writer sets out with a fixed determination to coruscate at all hazards the result is as depressing as that produced by the man who is resolved to be funny. I would in preference to hearing such an one listen to Mr. Chaplin on the Fiscal Question or a Scottish minister on Predestination. Heaven shield us all from the meditated retort, the ink-pot jest, the paradox that was made and not born! They remind me of the performances of those wretched animals one sees at a music-hall, dogs that have lost what natural intelligence they had, but can climb a ladder or smoke a pipe; bears, horses, seals, doing painfully what God never intended them to do. I have seen spectators bursting with laughter at such antics and wondered what might be their idea of humour. No, to any one who has been born with an appreciation of natural fun, there are depths of unsounded dulness in the effort to be clever and humorous of those who have been denied the necessary gifts. To many of them one would like to say: "Pray have courage to be dull. Believe me, even as a natural fog is preferable to one

thickened with town smoke, so is your natural dullness better simple of itself than when disguised under an array of shabby verbal finery." Besides, these misguided efforts often take a most objectionable form, and the writer, instead of setting forth his case plainly and modestly, in his desperate efforts to be gay becomes personal, coarse and ribald.

This is not confined to letters. There are people who too religiously obey the Shakespearean mandate to "assume a virtue when you have it not." Yet an affected taste makes a very dull man. I have an acquaintance whom we will call A. His has been the hand of the industrious that maketh rich, and with the world's goods he is plentifully endowed. At the outset of his career he possessed unbounded potentialities, but a black iron hand grasped and killed them so that his soul might now be likened to points of fire lying among areas of burnt-out cinder. Let me expound my meaning by a digression from a digression. B. started life full of mental gifts and graces and some of his inventions are still extant to prove it. I could tell many stories of his youth to show what his endowments were. Unluckily he became a devotee of "the little wooden paunkies," and his existence has been spent as a professional chess-player. What is the result after half a century? Why, no other than that the man has become nothing more than an automaton, whose range of vision is bounded by the square sides of the chequered board. He thinks in chess and chess only. Upon A. commerce has played the same trick, but some dim light from the past fills his mind with an ambition to figure among men of taste and culture. Therefore he makes up a character for himself, and nine-tenths of his life is that of an actor on the stage; he has two distinct tastes, one for his private pleasure and one for display in public. His favourite music is that of a tavern song, or at most soars no higher than such pathos as is to be found in "Here a poor buffer lies low," but rude fate compels him in company to affect an admiration for Strauss and Wagner. For his private reading I know that he smuggles into his bedroom, as if afraid that even the maids should discover it, the works of Hall Caine and Ian Maclaren and Mr. Crockett, but in company he professes a profound admiration for George Meredith and takes care to observe that in "my opinion no one has a firmer grasp of the country than Thomas Hardy." This he repeats with a fidelity only to be equalled by that of a certain type of golfer who even when lunching at his club entertains his hearers with what took place at the tenth hole nor dreams he is a bore. A. has gone to exhibitions also and by occasionally dining a needy artist has learned "quite the right thing to say" about Mr. Stott. He prides himself also on being something of a collector and has a house full of purchased curios.

Now the hallucination under which he labours is not an uncommon one and it certainly is not unamiable, since he piously thinks that he is paying a compliment to his cultivated friends by getting up these subjects to talk on. Yet for my own part I think him then the dullest bore on earth, while he is neither unpleasant nor unentertaining when he warbles "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket" and drinks the stout for which he has a predilection or waxes eloquent about wood—I forgot to say he is in the timber trade. A man is seldom a bore when discussing what he knows and living his natural life. But he always is when affecting interest that he does not really possess.

Often more than any other I think the modern journalist is really very dull when he does not dream of it. The groundwork of his labour rests on the fact that the tragic in life, its pathetic and mournful incidents, the soft and pitiful little ironies that attend them, have an abiding hold upon human interest. It may seem dull and commonplace to record them from day to day as they occur, and hence the desire, more evident during recent years, to deepen the thrill and intensify the horror. But when this is done with too strenuous a hand, with thick blotched lines and splashes of colour, even minds not very fastidious revolt.

To many it may seem incredible that readers who would not admit themselves to be over fastidious turn with dislike and boredom from the incessant sensationalism with which it is sought to bombard them, choosing rather to live in ignorance of startling crime and revelations of baseness. The plan grows dull, if from nothing else, from endless repetition.

I am in a moralising mood and must perforce draw a useful lesson from the observations on which this discourse is founded. The conclusion I have arrived at is that the very worst way to avoid dullness is to attempt to be gay, witty, epigrammatic, paradoxical, when the gifts from which these flow are not ours by nature. On the other hand, to be simple, sincere, unaffected—to copy nobody's taste and nobody's manner, that is the only possible means of escaping the slough which has so great a terror for all journalists. I do not say it is a sure means, because unfortunately a great many of us have been born with an endowment of dullness out of all comparison with everything else that we possess, and to escape from it is just as impossible as it would be for the man born with only one eye to attain to having two.

J. E. A.

FICTION

The New Minister. By ORME AGNUS. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

WE confess to a certain shrinking from novels which deal with religion. Many extol one sect and belittle others, and though few are written with the entire lack of taste shown in "A Lost Cause," their spirit is apt to be contentious. If they do not err in that particular, they usually abound in sentiment that is false and a kind of sickly pathos that is singularly offensive and their own. We have shed too many tears in childhood over "Queechy" and "The Wide Wide World," and others of that hand-in-hand-heavenward series, to be able even to think of them without emotion, and the memory of those tearful Sunday afternoons when they were read aloud lifts them beyond criticism. We remember too well the fierce joy of our misery. But the taste for them has long departed, and the very sight of certain words in the pages of a novel raises an instinctive suspicion and causes us to read warily, on the alert for pitfalls. It is not entirely prejudice. And in spite of Mr. Agnus' reputation, these suspicions were strong upon us when we took up "The New Minister," and our relief was great to find that they were wholly without foundation. For one thing, Mr. Agnus has a keen sense of humour, which is never allowed to lie dormant; he has also respect for truth and intimate knowledge of life, and he is able to resist the fascination of preaching. The life of the Dorset people is, of course, his particular study; and in "The New Minister" he turns his attention to its religious side. He writes quite simply of the effect which a new minister, Owen Masterman, a keen and sincere man, has upon the lives of the community into which he comes. He writes as an artist, and has no irritating *arrière pensée*. Masterman happens to be a Wesleyan Methodist. We say "happens," because his sect is a matter of no importance: the important point is that he is possessed with the true spirit of the Gospels, and dogma throughout assumes its proper insignificance. The keynote is struck in a remark of one of the villagers, Hosea Fream:

"I've prayed everyday for forty yers, 'Lord, help I to love my brothers.' I've had hard work to say it at times when zome man haven' been zo nice to I as I thought he ought to be, but I've kept on my knees till I could say, 'Lord help I to love him that hated I to-day', . . . and the strange thing be, zur, when the Lord have heard and helped 'ee you often find out that you hurted he more'n he hurted you. When your heart is full of love your sight is better, and you make sur-prizen discoveries."

Mr. Agnus is able to show with a light touch the humorous pettiness, which religion accentuates, of some of the

rural deacons; but that does not blind him to the beauty of the lives of many others. He is able to reveal that beauty with its own simplicity. The subject, of course, has been handled before; but we have never seen it treated with such restraint and such genuine simplicity (not the usual ostentatious semblance) as by Mr. Agnus.

The Maid of the River. By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED. (Long, 6s.)

MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED clearly gave her imagination a rest when planning her latest story, and was content to follow a well-worn track which runs through some rather dreary country. Here is once more a beautiful innocent girl who rejects an honest man's love, and yields to the florid attractions of handsome, swaggering Alexander Stewart. Betrayed by a mock marriage, she meets with the usual experience of scandal and desertion. When, for her child's sake, she demands recognition as a wife, the author does not hesitate to provide Stewart with a legal wife shut up in a lunatic asylum. Nuni Destiac is dismayed, and the reader is sorry for other than sympathetic reasons. The only variation upon the old theme is that at Mrs. Stewart's death Nuni brings an action for breach of promise, the sort of revenge hardly consistent with her character, and a departure from the tradition she had closely followed hitherto. Her numerous predecessors in misfortune were equally ready to die of a broken heart, or to marry the patient lover in the background; they would have scorned to appeal to a jury. There is vigour and individuality in several of the characters, and the story is well told; but as a whole it falls far below Mrs. Praed's best work. The bitterness and hopelessness that become part of the life of the struggling official class in Leichardt's Town are almost too faithfully reflected in these pages. It is not the first time that Mrs. Campbell Praed's Australian stories have made us realise that all the gold of the diggings would not compensate us for living in Leichardt's Town—as she depicts it.

His Mascot. By L. T. MEADE. (Long, 6s.)

NOVELS which begin by inspiring a dislike for their hero or heroine rarely succeed in removing it later, and we make a bad start with Caryl Digby in the first chapter of "His Mascot." There are a host of wilful and provoking things that nice girls may do, but common theft is not one of them. It is, to say the least of it, a sordid incident with which to introduce a heroine. Caryl not only steals a "magic" ring from her employer, lies about it, and sells it to his rival, but she indulges in sentimental nonsense over the disagreeable business; assures us that "she had always hitherto extolled herself for her honesty," and rails against fate in a shrewish fashion that is neither clever nor pretty. All the charm which the author showers upon her cannot quite obliterate these first impressions. The man to whom she sells the ring is a cheat, a trader in human weakness: even his love for Caryl cannot raise him above threatening her with exposure should she refuse to marry him. She does not refuse. Such are the chief characters in Mrs. Meade's story, written, we gather, with the moral purpose of demonstrating how unprincipled people can be converted to normal views of life and responsibility. The whitewash is generously applied, and the story ends neatly and tidily to outward appearance; but the cracks in the foundation are there. Mrs. Meade is experienced and skilful in her craft, and parts of her story are bright and readable; but her attempt to combine the incidents of an ordinary novel with the crude examples of sin and repentance common in the old-fashioned Sunday-school prize is not happy in its results.

The Quakeress. By MAX ADELER. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

REFORMATION is permitted to every one except the professional humorist. The drunkard, the gambler, and even the politician, may reform, but public opinion forbids the humorist to abandon humour and to become a serious and thoughtful man. Max Adeler, in former days, delighted us with his humour and established a reputation as one of the best of American humorists. Latterly he

has made two earnest efforts to reform and to become a serious novelist, but he will find the task of persuading the public to accept him in his new character nearly impossible. Owing, as we do, a debt of gratitude to Max Adeler for the many pleasant hours that he gave in his humorous days, it would be a pleasure to find merit of all sorts in his latest book, "The Quakeress"; but it must be confessed, however sadly, that it is not a novel that can be honestly praised. There is nothing that is fresh or original in the plot, the characters or the incidents of the story; and the traces of humour that are found in it are but slight. The author introduces us to a Quaker girl, and she is the only character in the book who can be said to be alive. She falls in love with a young Southerner of the conventional type, who is killed in the conventional duel, leaving the girl with a heart conventionally broken. A tedious clergyman of the Episcopal Church and his impossible wife are introduced apparently for the purpose of enabling the author to ridicule the American branch of the Anglican Church; but the ridicule is unworthy of the Max Adeler of former days, and it suggests either that the Church in America is a clumsy parody of the Anglican Church, or that Max Adeler knows very little about it. The latter theory is probably the true one. It may be fairly said that Max Adeler has been successful in drawing his heroine, but one heroine does not make a novel. Besides, a Quaker heroine is the easiest of all heroines to draw, since it is assumed at the start that she is pretty, sweet, and wholly innocent of all knowledge of the world, and that she must invariably talk the conventional dialect of the Friends. But taken as a whole the book is weak and commonplace. Max Adeler should by all means go back to his old humorous methods. Reformation is not for him, and this, his second attempt, makes the fact even more evident than it was made by his first serious book.

John Henry Smith: a Golfing Romance. By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS. Illustrated for Mr. Smith by A. B. FROST. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

A BOOK by an American author, the scene of which is laid in America, the characters in which are American, and the object of which is to amuse, usually proves an effective antidote to insomnia; and we opened the diary of John Henry Smith with misgivings. But Mr. Adams, who writes it for him, speedily reassures us. He has a nice appreciation of the difference between humour and jocularity, and is seldom content to be merely funny. Smith, an enthusiastic golfer, is a gentleman who, having inherited a farm and ergophobia, rather than put his hand to the plough turns his ancestral acres into the Woodvale Golf Links. Without any apparent intention of rivalling Pepys, he determines to keep a diary; and his first few entries reveal him as a misogynist who thinks that women appear to greater advantage in ascending ladders than in playing golf, or goff, or gowf (whichever be the correct form); and who regards the fair invaders of the links with a measure of contempt. To Woodvale come Robert L. Harding, railway magnate, and his pretty daughter, Grace; and John Henry Smith expresses a pious hope that the lady does not indulge in the game of games. She does; and the diarist is in despair. If a woman can overcome the handicap which attaches to female golfers, he remarks, she can give Venus odds and beat her easily. Yet a few weeks later we find him initiating Miss Harding into the whole art of putting and driving and teeing, and the mysteries of the follow through. Has he fallen in love? he wonders; tries in vain to convince himself that he has not; and thus he addresses his *alter ego*:

"A liar is a man who by direction or indirection seeks to deceive. The man who lies to an enemy is a diplomat; the man who lies to give harmless play to his imagination is an artist; the man who lies to his friends for the purpose of taking advantage of them is a scoundrel, and the man who lies to himself is a fool. . . . I belong in the last class."

Misogynist? But a few months elapse ere he has, by an absurdly easy method which we are unable to follow,

made a fortune in Wall Street. Misogyny is forgotten; Smith begins to think, somewhat as Browning thought, that:

"Life, with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear . . .
Is just our chance of the prize of learning love";

and now a foursome in Woodvale invariably includes two Smiths. The vivacious diarist's illustrations—drawn for him by Mr. Frost—are all excellent of their kind. That depicting the argument between the motor and the bull, and the picture of Robert L. Harding—once contemptuous of the art of driving "pills"—gazing at Vesuvius as he makes the remark: "Jack, that is quite a bunker, but with a little more practice I believe I can carry it," are particularly good.

The White Lady. By MAY CROMMELIN. (Long, 6s.)

"A NURSERY governess, yes: and few men now, let me tell you, would make such an offer to a governess—hardly one in my position," exclaimed Mr. Hungerford. He is proposing to the woman he desires to marry, and, a moment before, the author has told us: "he had undoubtedly the whole appearance of a well-bred gentleman." But when Hester consented to marry him we felt most uncomfortable, because, while they were arranging it: "he had a restless secret wish to look at his watch, for there was a deeply interesting scientific appointment to be held about this very hour." We knew directly what that unblest word "scientific" foreboded in a novel with such a view of sentiment and such a flow of style. Hester, however, could not look into the future, and a girl is naturally dazzled by a man who is a scientist, a scholar and an eager philosopher, and who discourses to her with passionate eloquence "of sciences, of arts, on many of which topics he had new and marvellously clever theories of his own." The transmigration of souls was a theory he believed in "somewhat," and he tells Hester that he had most likely been a tiger or a crocodile. For our part we think that at a later stage he must have done a turn on earth as a mountebank, and that the manners and practices of the profession still clung to him when he appeared in his study wearing a flat velvet cap such as Titian painted, a jaunty black velvet coat and an orange silk tie. By this time he is living at Nice with his wife and child, and there is not much left of the scholar and the eager philosopher. But the "scientist" is dabbling in vivisection, frightening ladies with dangling skeletons, and experimenting with the poisons of the Borgias. He had evidently heard, too, of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's coffin, for he exhibits one that he has had made for his wife, and threatens that she shall sleep in it. Hester is a patient Grizell, and considers her husband a man "who only, just missed genius." It is not many women, to be sure who find their mates scholars, scientists, philosophers, and then, without a word of warning, sculptors too. Apparently nothing was beyond Mr. Hungerford's reach except decent behaviour; and with "his shirt open at the throat and altogether having an air of cultivated disorder," he keeps Hester standing on the model's platform until she faints from fatigue. Kenyon, her former lover, is present when this happens.

"But Kenyon, turning his secretly rather contemptuous face from the so-called statue, as yet an almost formless caryatid, of which the head alone had taken any shape, smiling in a rudely blurred outline with a sickly sentimentality no better than a sixpenny plaster cast of a Madonna hawked on a vendor's head, he, looking up quickly to see what impression Hungerford's words made on his wife, backed by her friend's rather fulsome praises, saw a change on her face. Not much. She merely smiled her sad sweet smile alike on them all, but, surely! Yes, her lips were growing white, while her face in its creamy pallor, though always pale now, almost seemed the same hue as her dress."

It will be seen that Miss Crommelin's style, like Mr. Hungerford's discourses, is passionate and eloquent. This extract could be matched on almost any page of her book. If we may find fault with a story that we are sure will have many readers, we should like to say that the Borgia

poisons did less than we expected of them. A mere opium pill would have sent Hester to sleep for a day and given her a dry tongue when she woke. We are quite determined, moreover, that, when we write a novel with a "scientist" for a villain, we will not turn him into a lunatic in order to account for his proceedings. If Mr. Hungerford's "science" had been sane and cold-blooded, we should have been glad to let our flesh creep at the author's bidding. But, when he begins to roar like a beast and behave like a maniac, we wonder why his wife does not send for the doctor. As a husband, of course, a raving madman must be at least as unpleasant and unsafe as a scientific philosopher. As a villain we should have thought better of him if he had been one thing or the other: preferably the other. Homicidal mania is not a pleasant subject for a novel. The horrors of "science" are quite pleasant and amusing when they are sufficiently unreal; and in this case the most captious critic could not accuse Mr. Hungerford of reality. From first to last he is a man of straw.

Alton of Somasco. By HAROLD BINDLOSS. (Long, 6s.)

WE were getting rather tired of the "call" of wilds and wildernesses and other things: the call which has produced nothing but wash of words, absurd elaboration, and vague tourist impressions of scenery dimly perceived through a mist of hyperboles and inappropriate similes; but in "Alton of Somasco" Mr. Bindloss—one of the sinners—has repented. And the fruit of his repentance is a novel which is terse, powerful yet graceful, showing intimate knowledge and acute observation, never over-weighted with description yet containing many delightful pictures of colonial life and manners. The scene is a ranch in British Columbia. Alton of Somasco—honest, ingenuous, uncouth, but a gentleman by instinct, with the finest traits of primitive man uncontaminated by contact with the civilised world—has conquered Nature and enslaved her forces, and is determined to acquire the land for the settlers who have toiled upon it; Hallam of the Tyee is equally determined to reap the benefit of that toil himself. The story of the grim struggle between the two is well told, and we have seldom read anything better than the fight between Alton and Damer—Hallam's hired assassin—in the bush. The life of Nellie Townshead, the English girl forced to live with and support a neurotic, wholly contemptible father, and to perform the work of the ranch in addition to domestic duties, only to be met by fault-finding, is pathetically sketched, but her subsequent experiences fail to excite our interest. Mr. Bindloss should break himself of the irritating habit of introducing trite moralising, and sentences such as: "For the great dim forest seemed to mock at anything man could do to disturb its pristine serenity" in the middle of good descriptive passages. Alton of Somasco is carefully drawn: but the author would do well to omit love-currents in his next novel. This said, in the novel before us he is at his best.

"As the Sparks Fly Upward." By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA. (Drane, 6s.)

READERS who have tired of the childish railings of that exceedingly popular lady, Miss Marie Corelli, will welcome Lady Napier's clever satire on a section of the power we call Society. "It is wonderful how Virtue turns from dirty stockings, and how Vice, married to ribbons and a little gay attire, changes her name, as wedded ladies do, and becomes Romance," observed Dickens. It shocks Miss Corelli—it pains Lady Napier; therein lies the fundamental difference in their methods and their work. Miss Corelli affects a "style" and strains after effective phrases, and paragraphs, and pages—Lady Napier's pen runs simply, and smoothly, and naturally; the one builds up a monument of vice, to take a child's delight in throwing stones at it—the other finds the object of her attack existent, and attacks it skilfully and diplomatically; Lady Napier has a light, incisive touch, has learnt the value of reticence, and

convinces one of her sincerity—Miss Corelli wields a clumsy pen, and is merely noisy. Because of its author's earnestness, we have read the book before us with interest. "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," and a tragic ending was inevitable; but from cover to cover there is not a dull page. Lord Fotheringay, left desolate by the hunting accident which results in the death of Lorraine, excites our pity, but that false step before what Whyte-Melville would have made an "oxer" at least releases the girl from a prospective union with an unhealthy youth who lives in an artificially heated room, and is fed upon "messes" and beef tea. Publisher, printer and binder, we may add, have done their best to make the book unreadable.

L'Impossible Sincérité. By HÉLÈNE DE ZUYLEN DE NYEVELT.
(Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 3f. 50c.)

THE novel is a study of what is called disillusion, written with wit, full of keen observation, and well worth reading because in it English people are treated by a French woman, and because the writer is sincere. She has something to say and knows how to say it clearly and without affectation. However much we may be at odds with the view of life put forward, and therefore far from sympathy with the characters depicted, these qualities are apparent. We do not take exception to the characters themselves (they are for the most part true and individual, far better than the actual episodes, which are conceived on somewhat commonplace lines), but to the light in which they are shown. Beryl Tremaine is an imaginative girl, lonely in Society, fond of poetry and her own thoughts. She meets a Hungarian, Zékéi by name, and a friendship which grows into love springs up between them from their common taste for the fairy tales of Hans Andersen. The one thing she demands from her lover is truth. But her idea of truth is exceedingly limited, and goes no deeper than the spoken word, so that when she finds out that her fairy prince has (in her opinion) deceived her she at once sends him away for ever, and he, after many unsuccessful efforts to regain her affection, kills himself. It is a clumsy artifice, for he thereby loses the little sympathy we have for him. But the effect of his suicide on the girl's mind is very well described. Indeed, the whole character of Beryl Tremaine is an excellent piece of work. The stamp of reality is upon her; but she does not rouse the sympathy she is meant to rouse in us, because she is presented as a person to be admired, whereas she seems rather a person to be pitied profoundly, not so much for the cruel circumstances which cause her suffering as for the narrowness of her outlook and the continued egoism which make her suffering meaningless. She learns nothing from her misery except that life is horrible, grief the only reality, and joy an illusion; and yet there is more than a suggestion that she has learned the lesson of life. But she develops in no way—at the end she is as narrow and egoistic as at the beginning. At first she is in love, naturally enough, with her idea of love, woven round a sad-eyed Hungarian who can express himself; and afterwards she is enamoured of her own grief. She never knows what love is, for in both phases she is primarily selfish in spite of the halo of sentiment with which she is surrounded. And therein lies the real tragedy. She is the kind of character that is a weapon ready to the hand of the Philistine scoffer at poetry; because poetry is never a reality to her; poetry leads her from a *paradis artificiel* to live in an *enfer artificiel*. She takes it as an antidote to life, to trick out her illusions prettily. She is never able to see things as they are, but dimly, as she wishes them to be; swift to exclaim that the world is out of joint; and blind to the faintest shadow of what Keats meant when he wrote that: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Of the other characters, Lady Fareham, Beryl's mother, *une femme d'ordre et de devoir*, and Muriel Fairfax, her friend, are the best, and there is a piquant flavour about the description of a typical English family that is very pleasing.

THE DRAMA

AN OLD PLAY

THREE new plays have been produced during the past few weeks: *What the Butler Saw*, by Judge Parry and Mr. Mouillot, at Wyndham's Theatre; *Lucky Miss Dean*, by Mr. Sydney Bowkett, at the Criterion; and *The Duffer*, by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, at the Comedy. All three are amusing enough in their way. There is a great deal that is stupid and feeble and hackneyed in the first, with one or two funny scenes; the second has more originality and shows a nearer approach than both the others to the true comic idea; the third, thanks to the acting, if not the writing, of Mr. Weedon Grossmith, has some passages of real amusement amid scenes of wearisome intrigue and absurd talk. None of them offer enough interest to fill a column of discussion: none of them will be printed; and should they be printed once, they will not be printed again three hundred and twenty-one years hence in a little pocket edition at a shilling so that all who ride on omnibuses may read.

But that is what has happened to a little comedy of no more importance in its day than *Lucky Miss Dean* or *The Duffer*. It was in 1584 that George Peele's *The Arraignment of Paris* was played for the first time before Queen Elizabeth; it is being played again, we understand, by the Mermaid Society, or the English Repertoire Theatre, in this year 1905. Meanwhile we have Mr. Dent's little shilling reprint, edited by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, in the Temple Dramatists Series. Mr. Smeaton is a pedestrian and not always very accurate annotator.

"Condemned soul, Ate, from lowest hell
And deadly rivers of th' infernal Jove—"

So the prologue opens, and Mr. Smeaton thinks that the phrase "deadly rivers" needs explanation. He would probably try to explain the use of "take" in Shakespeare's

"daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

One of the finest phrases in the play:

"Paris, the unhappy organ of the Greeks"

puzzles him, as it has puzzled other editors. To us it seems difficult to see how any other phrase could have expressed the matter so finely. The use of "Ilium" for "Troy" is explained as an example of the figure Synecdoche; and "hellish prince," used of Pluto, as an example of the rhetorical figure of Hypallage. These are useful facts, no doubt, but we had rather have learned something of the "old song called 'The Wooing of Colman'", which Thestylis sings to her "foul crooked churl"; and, if classical allusions are to be explained, why is no explanation given of the word "Phorcys" in the phrase "Phorcys' imp"? Still, we may be grateful to Mr. Smeaton for one thing: he has written a very useful and sound introduction without any attempt to "appreciate" the play. There is no "literary preface," and the readers of this pretty little reprint will be able to form their own impressions of the play without being warped by the opinions of another. Since there is nothing of interest at present among the new plays, let us spare a moment to record our own impressions of an old one.

The strongest impression that *The Arraignment of Paris* gives is the impression of promise. Here is the spring of the year. There is no dust yet, no faded blooms, no broken sprays. The tree is in bud—that mighty tree of the Elizabethan literature. Some of its leaves are already fairly developed; here is one that is still in its infancy, and there is about George Peele's work all the charm of the spring, the charm of young things, of hopes and anticipations. The autumn is gorgeous, in literature as in nature; it is the spring that charms.

It must be remembered that to George Peele we owe, as Mr. Smeaton points out, the first use of "blank verse"

in English poetry—a short commendatory poem prefixed to a book published five years before *Tamburlaine* appeared. He uses blank verse again—tentatively—in this prologue to *The Arraignment of Paris*, and again in the defence of Paris before the Council of the Gods:

"So loth and weary of her heavy load,
The Earth complains unto the hellish prince,
Surcharged with the burden that she nill sustain.
The impartial daughters of Necessity
Bin aiders in her suit; and so the twine
That holds old Priam's house, the thread of Troy,
Dame Atropos with knife in sunder cuts.
Done be the pleasure of the powers above,
Whose hests men must obey: and I my part
Perform in Ida vales."

Thus Ate in the prologue; and one seems to catch in these lines some hint of the coming greatness of the measure. It is unformed yet, a mere bud; but it is feeling its way towards the light. Peele is not quite happy in this metre. He moves more easily in rhymed couplets, and more easily still in a seven-foot rhyming iambic line, a far more homely measure.

Besides the promise of the poetry, there is the promise of the characterisation, which grew very fast towards perfection in Peele's later work. Here it is still but in bud. There are thirty-three characters in this fantasy of gods and men, but on only a few has the author spent any trouble. We are, inclined, however, to differ from Mr. Smeaton on one or two points. He finds the shepherds, Hobbinol, Thestylis, and so forth, "limned with striking imaginative power"; we find them the commonplaces of the day. He does not mention the Vulcan or the Bacchus, and passes over the Mercury with a word. To us it seems that the difference between these three gods is as strong a piece of promise as anything in the play, even as the character of the Paris himself. There is something clean and straight and swift about the Mercury; the Vulcan snarls and growls; the Bacchus is a hot and lusty youth. So, as Mr. Smeaton observes, with the three goddesses. Juno, Pallas and Venus are all different, all characterised with some subtlety, Pallas haughty and serene, a pure intelligence; Juno the proud and fussy matron of a type that is as true in London now as it was on Olympus then; and Venus, as Mr. Smeaton well says, "a subtle, sweet aroma . . . always in evidence as the dominant influence in the drama." And these characters they preserve, although the demand for "comic relief," which even then hampered the English dramatist, obliged Peele to make Venus and Juno talk at times in a most ungodlike manner. As to the Paris, it is nothing less than extraordinary how his character is maintained through the stages of the play. First the ardent lover of Oenone, then confessing lightly to Venus, in words that show you vividly the smirk of self-satisfaction on his face, that he loved "a little once"; then the astute pleader on his defence before the council of heaven—he is always the same, always alive, and always "in character."

It is noteworthy, too, that Peele knew exactly *how* to express character. There is no deliberate self-revelation. None of the people, gods or men, express their sentiments, in soliloquy or otherwise, directly to the audience. Their character comes out in their manner of speaking, in the words they give to the thoughts or judgments that carry on the action of the play. There is no over-emphasis, no underlining, such as has come, it seems, to be necessary to the overfed minds of modern audiences. The quick and eager wits of the burgeoning world of Elizabeth could take a hint, and a hint is all that Peele gives them. But it is an illuminating hint, a hint that could not be mistaken by an attentive and intelligent audience.

A modern dramatist, no doubt, could put more into the old theme than Peele has put. There are living poets who have taken these old classical legends and surcharged them with modern meaning, with philosophy and comment on life. And in doing so, they have lost some of the actuality, the freshness and *naïveté* of the legend. Beyond the conclusion (which, after all, is only partly true) that

beauty and love are prized by gods and men above all other things, Peele has nothing to tell us of general or philosophic interest. He is content to embroider on the story of the judgment of Paris, to deck out the meeting for trial of the three goddesses with all the beauty at his command, to show the power of Venus through the story of Thestylis and Colin, to let Paris, on his trial before the gods, celebrate the might of love, and to turn his whole play into a piece of fulsome flattery of Elizabeth, by allowing Diana, the final court of appeal, to take the apple from Venus, and bestow it, amid the acclamation of the goddesses three and the Fates, not on Juno or Pallas, but on the chaste nymph Eliza, or Zabeta.

That, we should say now, is an unpardonable offence in a dramatist. It has not the political and poetical excuse of the close of *The Furies*, nor the scrupulous appropriateness of Shakespeare's incidental excursions into "Rule Britannia" and the praise of Elizabeth. But, as we have seen all along, Peele's real preoccupation is with the form of his play, not its matter (for here the two may be easily divorced). He is bent on making a thing of beauty; a thing that shall charm the ear, not satisfy or inspire the mind; and in that aim he succeeds.

How will the play act nowadays? It should be easy enough in some respects. The one great need is that actors and actresses should be able to do justice to the words, to speak the musical verses musically. And there is only one company in England (Mr. F. R. Benson's) which can be counted on to do that. But more important than the actors, in this case, is the audience. What will it mean to them? The curious pack of great eager children, who were the Elizabethan audience, were, no doubt, keenly interested in the new treatment of the old story. Their senses were finer; their unglutted ears more sensitive to the beauty of language. A modern audience cares nothing for that. Its ear has been spoiled by feeble prose and "smart," "snappy" dialogue; it has not the curiosity to listen closely to the music of words. And what is Paris to them or they to Paris? Far less than in the days of Elizabeth. The fresh and beautiful play, we suspect, will seem strange and meaningless, compared with the faded dulness, the staleness, the dustiness of modern work. But the experiment deserves to be made, and we wish it success.

FINE ART

EPICS IN PAINT

It says much for the versatility of Watts' genius that there is not a section of the art-loving community to which some one or more of his paintings does not appeal. Moreover, so complex is his art, so diverse are its manifestations, that opposing schools of technique, while agreeing that the painter was unequal, have not only praised some portion of and some qualities in his work, but have gone so far as to claim the painter as one of themselves. Thus one has heard Watts called a pre-Raphaelite and an impressionist; and though at first sight it would seem impossible that any painter, let alone a single painting, could possibly belong to both these opposed schools, yet on closer inspection one perceives that ties of kinship do in truth unite Watts with both. For, leaving out of consideration those early works executed before the painter's style and ideas had matured, one might say of Watts' most famous paintings that the hand is the hand of an impressionist, but the voice is the voice of a pre-Raphaelite. In other words, Watts is akin to the pre-Raphaelites in theory, in his desire to say something as well as show something, in his belief that painting can and should be "as direct a teacher of great social and moral truths as either literature or poetry." At the same time he is akin to the Impressionists in practice, for, as his paintings prove and as

Mrs. Russell Barrington tells us in her interesting volume of reminiscences, Watts was constant in his pursuit of "the quality he regarded as all important—breadth. . . .

"If his painting had a hint of tightness, or was too defined to allow of the sense of atmosphere, he would, as soon as it was dry, scumble a film of white paint over it; when that was dry he retouched it with colour."

So it comes about that while in aim Watts was more in sympathy with Mr. Holman Hunt than any other contemporary painter, in his actual practice of painting he was, however unconsciously, more akin to Whistler and Manet than any member of the famous Brotherhood. It is this partial adherence of Watts to two rival schools of painting which renders his work so baffling to analyse, and to many persons not a little irritating in its apparent lack of consistency. Those who agree with his theories are apt to be grudging in their praise of his practice, while those who most strongly admire his practice in certain manifestations are inclined to hold that his theories often hindered him from reaching pictorial perfection. And so these last, while praising Watts, have ever praised with certain reservations, and it is extraordinary to note that these reservations are seldom alike. Eminent and capable critics have held that Watts was a fine colourist but a poor draughtsman; other critics, equally eminent and capable, have praised Watts for his sense of form while condemning his colour, and so on and so forth. Thus the very criticisms which should have helped to elucidate the complex art of the painter have often served only further to confound the confusion already existing; and to-day the modest spectator, willing to learn but anxious to have authority for his admiration, is sore perplexed to know which quality in Watts deserves his most respectful attention. Despairing of ever hearing a final and satisfying pronouncement as to the merits of Watts as a painter, a handler of pigment, the average man seeks safety in a blind worship of Watts' subjects, and already, as the painter himself feared, the general tendency is to praise him for his intentions rather than for his actual achievements. And, because it is not so much the "what" as the "how" that ultimately gives a painter his place in the history of art, it is improbable that any discussion of Watts' "painting as thought," however ingenious and fascinating, will help us to forestall the judgment of posterity. In any case there is no reason why our respect for the thinker should cause us to ignore the excellence of the craftsman.

Complex though it appears to us, the art of Watts was simple, if not single, in its aim. His constant wish and desire was to paint a noble theme in a noble manner, and that he himself was fully alive to the importance of the manner is proved by his words in a strangely overlooked article contributed by the painter to the *Nineteenth Century* just twenty-five years ago:

"Heroic art must be noble in its treatment of the means at its disposition, line, colour, and texture, and must have a correspondingly noble subject, though subject has perhaps less to do with it than character of utterance."

These last words, pregnant with a vital artistic truth, seem to have been wrung out of Watts almost reluctantly, the artist in him having with difficulty and regret asserted its empire over the moralist. His moral convictions urged him to paint noble themes, but his innate artistry convinced him that these themes would be vacant unless executed in a noble manner. It follows therefore that the true desire of Watts was to paint epics, not homilies, and to accomplish his desire he naturally turned his attention first to mural decoration. How his efforts in this direction were continually checked and at last completely diverted is an old story, but the story must be retold in any attempt to estimate the life-work of the painter. "There are men in all times who are gifted," wrote Watts, little thinking of himself; "but the nature of conditions will direct the stream of thought, and develop or repress peculiarities of intellectual activity." Conditions being against him, Watts' epic tendencies were

repressed, if not dissipated; and this repression had a profound and lasting effect on his art. Now, if there is one thing essential to heroic art, whether painting or poetry, it is space. When in common parlance we speak of a "heroic" figure we instantly think of a figure more than life-size. This essential element, space, was denied to Watts, and, baffled in his dearest wish to cover walls and decorate buildings, he was constrained to carry out his themes in another medium on another ground. Instead of painting in fresco on stone he was obliged to paint in oil on canvas, and this change of material cramped his art and involved a change of style that was, perhaps, less suited to heroic art. Few will deny that in taking Titian for his model Watts sought to emulate the highest exponent of oil painting. His instinct ever led him to seek out the best. But in attempting to carry out Michael-Angelesque designs in the style of Titian, it may be doubted whether Watts was not trying to reconcile what Sir Joshua Reynolds called "contradictory excellences."

When we remember, then, the immense difficulties in which Watts practised his art—difficulties partly of his own making and partly due to unsympathetic conditions—the wonder is, not that he should have had some failures, but that he had so many successes. If we imagine Milton trying to compress "Paradise Lost" into a series of short stories, each independent of its predecessor and successor, we shall realise the magnitude of the task Watts set himself. If we imagine, too, some of these Miltonic short stories being lost, some incomplete, and some mixed up with irrelevant matter, we shall then realise the difficulty of the critic in estimating the merits of the works as a whole. Some of these stories, we may be sure, would be much better than others, some would exhibit qualities others did not possess, some would be delightful to read and easy to understand, some might seem to us confused and unintelligible. So is it with Watts' allegorical works, or "anthems," as he called them, thus associating them, if only by name, with "Quires and Places where they sing."

Over-exacting might one well appear, to be unsatisfied with individual works of such beauty and technical perfections as, for example, *Life's Illusions*, a painting which, for its colour, texture and design, apart from any moral considerations, is worthy of a place in the Venetian room of the National Gallery. His successes outweigh his failures, but the more one contemplates what Watts has done the more one thinks of what he might have achieved had circumstances been other than they were. When future generations, wiser than ourselves, take a fuller measure of the genius of such artists as Watts and Alfred Stevens, will they be satisfied with the Tate Gallery and the Wellington Memorial? Or will they not bitterly reflect that these men, had they been otherwise employed and their art directed instead of being allowed to wander unaided, might well have built us another Sistine Chapel?

MUSIC

PIONEER MUSICIANS—III

THE most commanding figure in the transitional period which preceded the third great epoch of musical art, in which the sonata or symphony was developed, is undoubtedly that of Bach's second son, Carl Philipp Emanuel. It would, however, be wrong to attempt to place him in the same category with the two great ones, Josquin des Prés and Carissimi, to whom I have called attention as the precursors of the first and second periods. One may, within certain limitations, describe Carissimi as a Handel who only lacked opportunity, but to speak of C. P. E. Bach as a Mozart or a Haydn in any sense would be manifestly false. One does not find in his work many

traces of a genius which was before its time; but he was an ardent and painstaking pioneer, and he bent all his talents towards the development of forms which prepared the way for Haydn, and made the sonata, as we know it, a possibility. We have seen that the achievements of the first period lay in pure choral music; those of the second, as represented by Bach and Handel, lay in a blend of instrumental music, which had received no great independent development, with choral music; and the next work to be done was obviously to develop instrumental music along its own lines, and, especially, the combining of instruments, that is to say, the orchestra. Now, although by far the greater part of C. P. E. Bach's work was not orchestral, it is exclusively this part of his work which I am anxious to consider, as it was in this that he did the greatest service to his successors and to the art. All the purely instrumental works that preceded him are in some form or other closely akin to the "suite." Whether we take up a suite or partita of J. S. Bach, an overture by Lully or Handel, or a so-called sonata by Scarlatti or Corelli, it is perfectly easy to see their derivation from the primitive suite form, that is, a collection of short pieces originating in dance-tunes but, as development proceeded, becoming more elaborate and fewer in number as each one increased in length. The three or four movements of the classical sonata or symphony of course ultimately originate in the same source, but there is this radical difference between movements in real sonata form and those in the suite form: the appearance of a fresh theme, technically known as the second subject, introduces possibilities of contrast, both of a formal and of an emotional nature, hitherto undreamt of in the old homogeneous forms. It is the presence of this element in the symphonies of Haydn, that makes him the father of the sonata form and hence of modern instrumental music. If, then, we find this second subject present in the works of Haydn (born 1732) and absent in those of Handel (died 1759), it is not unnatural to search for some connecting link, some composer in whose works it makes a tentative appearance, as if by chance, he little dreaming of its importance. This link is to be found in the symphonies of C. P. E. Bach.

They possess three movements each, a first movement of a serious and solid type, a slow movement, very little developed and reminding one of those found in the overtures and organ concertos of Handel, and a sprightly last movement, very simple in form and extraordinarily like those in which Haydn stands pre-eminent. In the first movements of each of the three symphonies of which Messrs. Peters have published the score, there is to be found, where one expects a second subject in a modern symphony, a phrase in strong contrast to the first theme played by a few solo instruments, and this occurs again towards the end of the movement and with a definite key relationship. The first symphony, that in D major, is perhaps the best example. Here the first subject gives place to a development very much like those to be found in the works of Haydn and Mozart, coming to a complete stop upon dominant harmony, and then a phrase for two solo flutes and solo bassoon creeps in and passes definitely into the dominant key. This occurs again before the coda, but in such a way as to turn back to the tonic key. The only difference between this and the regular second subject of sonata form lies in the fact of the scant development it receives and in the internal evidence that its first appearance is rather due to the composer's general sense of the need for variety than to a definite design. Still, there the second subject is; and the fact that, having once found out the way, he reiterated it in his other symphonies shows that, the principle of contrast of idea within a single movement having once asserted itself, it was too strong to escape his attention. Upon this basis rests the symphonic form, brought into existence by Haydn and Mozart, matured by Beethoven and further developed by Brahms.

Were this the only claim which Emanuel Bach could make to greatness, it would be sufficient to merit the gratitude of music-lovers; but we have only to glance at one of

his scores side by side with one by his father, to see that there are other important advances which further helped to prepare the way for Haydn. There are differences of texture, of the manner of weaving together the different threads of tone which go to make up the orchestral whole. J. S. Bach wrote for the various instruments of his orchestra as he wrote for voices, as independent entities each capable of holding its own and going on its own contrapuntal course. Nothing is commoner in his works than to find a single flute, with an independent part of its own, struggling to make itself heard against strings, and perhaps trumpets whose blatant voices entirely drown it. It is a curious fact to notice by the way, that this error, excusable in Bach, who wrote before the delicate shades of orchestral tone had become a matter for consideration, is one into which our latest master of orchestration, Richard Strauss, is particularly apt to fall. But it was Emanuel Bach who laid the first foundations of modern orchestration by his careful and separate use of the more delicate wind instruments, flutes, oboes, bassoons. Such solo passages as that which I mentioned in the first symphony constantly occur and display a nice sense of the value of variety in orchestral colour. To quote the same instance again, the flutes and bassoons are answered with a phrase for oboes softly accompanied by violins, which then gives place to a "tutti" passage, in which the violins do the rapid movement and the wind sustains chords to enforce the accents, just in the manner of Haydn, Mozart, or the early works of Beethoven. One might mention innumerable instances, especially in the short slow movements, of the effective contrast of wood-wind with string, flutes with oboes, 'cellos with violins. There is more than sufficient to indicate that with Emanuel Bach the principle of contrast of tone within a single movement, no less than that of contrast of subject-matter, asserted itself as a vital force; and it was this one principle, expressed in the two musical elements of form and colour, which separated him from his predecessors and made his works a promise of good things to come.

Of the actual musical value of his work, his themes and their development, there is not much to be said. There are, it is true, some beautiful gleams of melody, as, for instance, the dialogue between the viola and 'cello which opens the slow movement of the symphony in F, and the sprightly theme, reminiscent of his father, which is the principal subject of the last movement of that in E flat. But on the whole he rather lacked beauty of melody, since he had not, on the one hand, that peculiar grace, born of Italian influences, which charms us in the minuets and gigues of Handel's overtures, and, on the other, he had no claim to that intensity of true emotion, which is the very life-breath of the themes of his great father, J. S. Bach. But it is not for themselves that the works of Emanuel Bach are so full of interest. He was a pioneer simply; had there been no Haydn, no Beethoven, we might have passed him over as a man of slight achievement; but Emerson says: "Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history," and so, though we may never hear these symphonies performed, Emanuel Bach holds, and will hold an honourable abiding-place in the history of music.

H. C. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Little Books on Art: *John Hoppner*. By H. P. K. Skipton. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Harry A. Spurr. *Mel B. Spurr: his Work, Life, Writings, and Recitation*. A. Brown.

Les célébrités d'aujourd'hui: *Henry Housaye*. Par Louis Sonolet. Paris: E. Sansot & Cie.

DRAMA.

South, Robert. *The Smithy*. Constable, 5s. net.

EDUCATION.

The Athenæum Press Series: *Selected Essays of Henry Fielding*. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Gordon Hall Gerould, B. Litt. Ginn, 3s. (See p. 870.)

Duerr, Alvan Emile. *The Essentials of German Grammar*. Ginn, 3s. 6d.
Modern Language Series: *New First German Book*. By Walter Rippmann
and S. Alge. Dent, 2s. net.

FICTION.

Watson, H. B. Marriott. *Twisted Eglantine*. Methuen, 6s.
Phillipotts, Eden. *Knock at a Venture*. Methuen, 6s.
Price, Eleanor C. *The Queen's Man*. Constable, 6s.
Adeler, Max. *The Quakeress*. Ward, Lock, 6s. (See p. 880.)
Mann, Mary E. *The Parish Nurse*. Methuen, 6s.
Urquhart, M. *A Tragedy in Commonplace*. Methuen, 6s.
Watson, Margaret. *Driven! Unwin*, 6s.
Boothby, Guy. *A Brighton Tragedy*. White, 5s.
Legge, A. E. J. *The Ford*. Lane, 6s.
Hains, T. Jenkins. *The Black Barque*. Dean, 6s.
Dowling, Richard. *The Fate of Little Ormerod*. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
Warden, Florence. *The House by the River*. Unwin, 6s.
Le Queux, William. *Confessions of a Ladies' Man*. Being the adventures of
Cuthbert Croom, of His Majesty's Diplomatic Service. Hutchinson, 6s.
Mariel, Jean. *La Cité de Joie*. Paris: E. Sansot & Cie.
Williamson, C. N., and A. M. *My Friend the Chauffeur*. Methuen, 6s.

HISTORY.

An Abridged Translation of the "History of Tabaristan" compiled about
A.H. 673 [A.D. 1216] by Muhammad B. Al-Hasan B. Isfandiyyar. Based
on the India Office MS., compared with two MSS. in the British Museum.
By Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B. Printed for the trustees of the
E. J. W. Gibb Memorial. Leyden: E. J. Brill; London: Bernard
Quaritch, 8s.
Cox, J. Charles. *Canterbury*. An historical and topographical account of the
city. Illustrated by B. C. Boulter. Ancient Cities Series. Methuen,
4s. 6d. net.

LITERATURE.

Sessions, Frederick. *Literary Celebrities of the English Lake District*. Elliot
Stock, 6s.
A Concise Dictionary of the Assyrian Language. Assyrian—English—German.
By W. Muss-Arnolt. Part xviii. Williams & Norgate, 5s.
Heller, Otto, Ph.D. *Studies in Modern German Literature*. Sudermann,
Hauptmann, Women Writers of the Nineteenth Century. Ginn, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Complete Works of Count Leo N. Tolstoy: Vol. xviii.—*Death of Ivan
Ilich*; *Dramatic Works*; *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Vol. xix.—*Walk in the
Light while ye have Light*; *Thoughts and Aphorisms*; *Letters*; *Miscel-
lanies*. Edited and Translated by Leo Wiener. Dent, 3s. 6d. net each.
Beldam, G. W.; and Fry, C. B. *Great Batsmen: their Methods at a Glance*.
Macmillan, 21s. net.
"The Doctor Says"—*What does the Doctor say?* A book of advice for the
household, with practical hints for the preservation of health and the
prevention of disease. Appleton, 3s. 6d. net.
Legh, Hon. Mrs. Gilbert. *Wild Honey*. Appleton, 1s.
Modi, Jivanji Jamshedji, B.A. *Asiatic Papers Read before the Bombay Branch
of the Royal Asiatic Society*. Printed at the Bombay Education Society's
Press, Byculla.
Hillary, C. W., M.A. *England's Earliest Intercourse with Japan*. Walter
Scott Publishing Co., 4d.
The Poor and the Land. A report on the Salvation Army Colonies in the
United States and at Hadleigh, England, with scheme of National Land
Settlement, and an introduction by H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, 1s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Step, Edward, F.L.S. *Wayside and Woodland Blossoms*. An illustrated
pocket guide to British wild flowers for the country Rambler. Warne,
6s. net.

POETRY.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Including materials never
before printed in any edition of the poems. Edited, with textual notes,
by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A. Oxford Edition. Frowde, 3s. 6d. and 5s.
Farenc, Ernest. *Voices of the Desert*. Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

Eliot, George. *The Mill on the Floss*. Nelson, 6d.
McCarthy, Justin. *The Reign of Queen Anne*. Chatto & Windus, 2s. net.

THEOLOGY.

Driver, S. R., D.D.; and Kirkpatrick, A. F., D.D. *The Higher Criticism*.
Three papers. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.
Westminster Lectures: *The Immortality of the Soul*. By the Rev. Francis
Aveling, D.D. Sands, 6d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Mediaeval Towns Series: *Edinburgh*. By Oliphant Smeaton; illustrated by
Herbert Railton and J. Ayton Symington. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Has it ever occurred to any one that Mr. Bazzard, the drama-
loving clerk of Mr. Grewgious was masquerading with his master's full
knowledge as Mr. Datchery? Mr. Datchery is a pleasant and gossiping
person, it is true, and Mr. Bazzard a gloomy and discontented misan-
thrope, little likely to put a cheerful disposition on. But Dickens did

not care for probabilities when it was a question of acting a part.
Witness old Martin Chuzzlewit's personation of imbecility, and Mr.
Boffin's performance of *l'Avare*. The writer who could ask his readers
to see in the crippled and feeble Master Humphrey the Single Gentle-
man of the Old Curiosity Shop was capable of anything. Mr.
Bazzard has written a play, and is acquainted with other writers of
plays—all unacted, it is true; but he has probably hung about stage-
doors and might know how to "make-up." He is "a dark-haired
person of thirty, with big dark eyes" (p. 77); Mr. Datchery has
black eye-brows (p. 140). At the very time when Mr. Datchery is
pursuing his inquiries in Cloisterham, Mr. Bazzard is absent from
Staple Inn. "In fact he is off-duty here, altogether, just at present"
explains Mr. Grewgious to Rosa (p. 157). It may be remembered
that the illustration described as "Mr. Grewgious has his suspicions"
(p. 120) depicts him looking down upon Jasper who has fallen—"a
heap of clothes" upon the floor on learning that the engagement
between Edwin Drood and Rosa had been broken off. It is not im-
probable—so far as the probabilities of fiction are concerned—that Mr.
Grewgious should have arranged with his clerk to follow up the traces
of his suspicions on the spot.

August 20.

H. H. F.

THE BOOKSHELF

THE latest volume in Messrs. A. and C. Black's *Council History
Readers* deserves more attention from the general reader than the
educational book can as a rule be spared. The title is *The Glory of
London* (1s. 6d.); its subject the history of the city which is just now
declared to be "empty," and whose crowded streets are teeming with
life by day and night. It is an interesting little book. We should
have no hesitation whatever in putting it in the hands of a grown-up,
say a country cousin or a foreigner, who wished to begin to learn
something about the capital of the world. Something the book owes,
no doubt, to Sir Walter Besant's great volumes of "The Survey of
London," which the same publishers are still bringing out; it
embraces the social side of life, food and clothes, manners, traffic, and
so forth, besides the historical facts; and in weaving the various
topics together into a general view, the author, Miss G. E. Mitton,
has shown knowledge of the subject, literary skill and an unflagging
enthusiasm, which make the book at once accurate, flowing, practical
and vivid. If we read about savage man, the Romans, Milton and
other distant people, we read also about the Borough Councils and the
late School Board. The author's aim, in fact, has been to make
London live in the minds of the readers, London old and London
new, London beautiful and London useful; and she has achieved her
aim completely. The readers of the book should feel, indeed, that
they are actually or potentially "citizens of no mean city." No
trouble has been spared to collect interesting and appropriate illustra-
tions. Old prints, manuscripts, early maps, and modern artists have
all contributed their quota, and the pictures alone make the book
worth more than the very modest price charged for it. As a school
"reader" it is one to be widely used: in another binding it would make
a good Christmas present.

In the ACADEMY of July 8 we reviewed a remarkable work by Pro-
fessor Du Bois on the American Negro, and now another, almost
equally interesting, is to hand. Mr. M. Pullen-Burry, who is already
known for his book on "Jamaica as it is," is not, like Professor du Bois,
a negro himself, but an Englishman who has the cause of the negro
at heart and has studied him in various lands. In his new book
Ethiopia in Exile (Unwin, 6s.) he returns to Jamaica awhile; but the
most important part of his volume, to our thinking, comes when he
has left Jamaica and gone to study the Negro in the United States.
He visited Mr. Booker Washington and saw the wonderful work he is
carrying on; he collected statistics, asked questions of both sides, and
did his best to arrive at the true view of the present and future of a
much debated people. His conclusions on the whole are reassuring.
He finds a great advance, and cause for great hopefulness not unmixed
with reservations and doubts. His work is extremely interesting to
read and worthy of more lengthy discussion than we can spare it at
present.

The Cathedrals of England and Wales, by Mr. W. T. Francis Bumpus
(Werner Laurie, 6s. net), is the first volume of a work which will be
complete in two volumes. It treats of Durham, Ely, Lincoln, Salis-
bury, Worcester, Hereford, Chichester, Chester and Bristol—nine in all,
leaving some twenty odd (and these not among the least important,
including Winchester, Gloucester, Norwich and Canterbury) to be
discussed in the second volume. The art of compression, it appears
to us, will have to be practised with some skill. As it is, we have to
complain that Mr. Bumpus is a little too brief. If you want to know
more than the "guide-book" facts about a cathedral, you want to
know a great deal more, which some 250 pages distributed over
nine cathedrals cannot possibly give you. Still, his work is valuable
as an introduction to the study of our cathedrals in detail. He knows
his architecture thoroughly, and can draw interesting comparisons
from foreign as well as English cathedrals, and he writes clearly and
without purple patches. The illustrations from photographs are good
and to the purpose; and with the exception of the end-papers, which
are maps, the get-up of the book is very agreeable.

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